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TOO LATE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. J. W. FOX.

Take those heliotropes out, they are all too sweet—
My brain grows faint with the rich perfume;
They call up a vision of swift young feet,
And a fair face lying in endless gloom.

I would I might summon her up from her rest,
And clasp her again in the dear old way;
Her bright young head on my lonely breast—
But the dead can never come back, they say,

Though I know at times I have felt her breath
And her light kiss fall on my drowsing eyes,
And I know she loves me so well in death
She longs for me, even in Paradise.

Look, friend, at the portrait that hangs up there—
A moment wait, till the blaze leaps red.
Do you see it? The eyes and the falling hair?
Well, that is my darling, and now she is dead

When Rosamond sits in the fitful glow
Of the fire—move out of it, child, I pray—
With the bare arm on her white neck sweeping low—
Her mother wore it the self-same way—

I almost think she has come, once more,
To sit by me here, though I know she is dead;
And I see out there, through the eastern door,
The cypress-tree by her quiet bed.

The artist who painted the picture you see
Was a delicate boy, just a stripling page,
And my darling she never loved any but me,
But I had grown blind in my jealous rage.

For I was but a sea-dog, blunt and bold—
The years I had sailed were many and long;
And I thought, perchance, I was growing old,
Though the love in my heart burnt true and strong.

Through the Summer hours that he came to paint,
Her smile was brighter, more gay her song;
And I deemed her untrue, that pure young saint—
May God forgive me that bitter wrong!

For I learned too late how the smile was worn
So the portrait should smile as it looked on me,
And the merry song that she sang was born
Of a wonderful joy that was yet to be.

There are times the angel of good from our hearts
Goes out, and I know that the Fiend comes in,
When all that is tender and true departs,
Leaving but dregs of folly and sin.

Upstairs is a chamber that faces the west,
And the dust lies thick on the carven door;
Inside is a phantom that will not rest,
And a dreadful stain on the oaken floor.

* * * * * * *

May God forgive me the deed I did,
The grief I wrought and the bitter woe,
For her heart is under the coffin-lid,
And the dead can never come back, you know.

Chicago, June 21, 1879.

THE ARISTOCRAT'S DAUGHTER:

OR,

THE BRIDE OF THE GUILLOTINE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE N. Y. CLIPPER,
BY EDWIN F. DE NYSE.

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CHAPTER XXIII—CONTINUED.

"Pick him up and carry him to the cart," said a stern voice, which the Baron recognized as that of the pretended wine-merchant who had so kindly guided him into the trap. It was apparent at a glance now that this *soi-disant* merchant was a keen and cunning agent of police. Candeil saw that resistance was impossible; so he resigned himself stoically to his fate. The assistants raised him up, and, after carrying him a few paces, placed him in a sort of carryall drawn by two stout horses. The agent removed the gag from the prisoner's mouth, placed him comfortably on one of the seats, and took his place beside him. The driver sprang to his seat, the assistants clung on the vehicle wherever they could, and it started off at a rattling speed in the direction of Paris.

"You have given us a great deal of trouble for the past month," said the agent pleasantly.

Aymeric, who was in no humor to be led into damaging confessions, held his peace.

"Yes," continued the agent, "and more than once we were on your track, and on one occasion I missed you by only fifteen minutes. We might have taken you the evening of your return to Paris from the Army of Italy; but we knew what you had returned for, and we had orders to wait."

"Who has denounced me?" asked the Baron angrily.

"Monsieur, that is a delicate question," replied the spy with extreme politeness; "you were described to us a long time back, and I could tell you, if I chose, the exact date of your landing on the coast of Normandy. But perhaps the Government might have closed its eyes to your presence, had it not been that one Citizen Legendre lately made deposition to the effect that you were in Paris to work for the accomplishment of a great conspiracy against the peace of France and a perpetuity of the Republic."

Aymeric looked at his companion with a bitter sneer on his lips.

"I see that you despise me," resumed the agent; "but I assure you I am well disposed towards you, and will do all in my power to serve you where I may do so without interfering with my duty."

"Well, then," spoke up the Baron sullenly, "tell me—are the other leaders of the conspiracy arrested?"

"They will be this evening."

"All of them?"

"All. Their names are known, their steps are dogged, and the signal has only to be given to occasion the immediate arrest of everyone."

"It is I who have been their ruin," thought Candeil. "It needed only this misfortune to make my measure full." Then he asked aloud: "Where are you taking me?"

"To the Abbage, Baron," answered the agent of the police in a sad tone.

"To the Abbage?" repeated Candeil, who associated the sombre prison with the death of his father amid the crowd of aristocrats who had been slaughtered there. "Very well. I am in your power, and will tell me how rapidly my case will promptly progress?"

"Very fast indeed, monsieur. You will be questioned by the Citizen Prefect this evening, confronted with your accomplices to-morrow, and in three or four days at most you will be taken before a military commission."

"Who will condemn me to death without leaving their seats."

"Unless the Government decides it is better to wait to get some confessions."

"They will not expect any confessions from me, I hope."

"No, probably not; but in a conspiracy as extensive as this of yours there is always someone to make a clean statement of everything he knows."

"The deuce! I hope not, for I don't wish any delay in my affair. I want them to settle it at once. But as to the manner of my death—I'll be guillotined, of course."

"No; yours is a military offense. You will be shot."

"That's one piece of good fortune at least," said Candeil in an undertone.

They were passing Liardot's gloomy house now, and the Baron cast a glance at the sombre pile of masonry. Nothing unusual seemed in progress there; nothing but business activity prevailed.

After they had ridden a short way farther the Agent broke the silence with:

"Monsieur, we are now drawing near our destination. Have you any message to anyone to confide to me?"

"No; no one cares for me, and I care for no one."

"Then another point. It is the custom of the prison authorities to search the prisoners before locking them up. Have you anything valuable that you wish to send to your friends?"

Aymeric had in his pocket the ring which had been his gift to Christiane. He trembled with rage at the thought of its falling into the hands of some besotted turnkey of the Abbage. Suddenly turning to his captor, he said:

"Do you really desire to do me a service?"

"Certainly I do, monsieur."

"Well, then, feel in my coat-pocket—there you will find a pocketbook containing a draft for fifty thousand livres, payable to the bearer in gold, and a lady's ring, which is worth at the utmost no more than six louis. Keep the draft for yourself, and put the ring in my mouth. It is a family jewel, and I wish to carry it with me when I go to my execution."

The agent obeyed, searching him with alacrity. He opened the pocketbook, took the ring from it, and placed it in the Baron's mouth, but replaced the draft in his pocket, refusing, in spite of the urging of his prisoner, to appropriate it to his own use. Aymeric insisted strenuously, but he was finally silenced by his companion whispering in his ear:

"Not a word more, monsieur. Here we are at the prison, and another word may compromise me."

The vehicle stopped, and the prisoner was received by quite a squad of jailors, who led him to the office, made him record his name, and finally put him in a dark cell, where he was triple bolted and barred.

"This is my last adventure," said he; "but I still have the ring. The officer who commands the firing party cannot refuse to take it to Christiane; and this time she will be forced to keep it—for I shall be dead."

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE STORM BREAKS.

It had been just a month since Citizen St. Clair, domiciled at Montereau with the ci-devant farmer Pilois, astonished the inhabitants of that little town by promonading daily, leaning on the arm of a beautiful young girl. There was much gossip about it, too, for the good lady on her arrival in town had given out that she was alone in the world, without a single relative or friend. Not a soul had the faintest suspicion of the romance of the mail-coach. But still the gossips were constantly agog to run down the mystery of this strange coming of the lady's fair companion. In vain had good old Pilois affirmed that he knew the young girl to be an orphan who had been abandoned by her distant relatives, and who had been adopted out of pure charity. The gossips would still believe in a mystery surrounding the case, and in such troublous times as those it was not a good or a prudent thing to provoke the curiosity of the free and unbridled citizens of the Republic. The Marchioness had excellent reasons for fearing any meddling of the municipality with her private affairs, and she expected from day to day to be cited to appear before the authorities to explain what bonds joined her with Therese.

Her age shielded her from the suspicion of clandestine maternity; but at this troubled time, when all authority was uncertainty and when everybody was an authority, the first petty official whose curiosity might prompt him to use his power would be perfectly justified in sifting out the facts of the case by employing all the ponderous machinery of the law. The notion might at any time strike one of these semi-military dignitaries to question Therese on her relationship to her guardian, and from that starting-point to make inquiries as to the origin and connections of Madame St. Clair herself. For these reasons the letter the Marchioness received from Aymeric in the first week in February occasioned her the liveliest pleasure.

It was this fear of exposure alone that made her anxious to give up her charge; for, had there been no danger from the causes before stated, she would have gladly kept Therese as her constant companion, as in their brief companionship their relations had grown and developed into the tender offices of a mother and a daughter.

At first Madame St. Clair supposed she had to do with a sentimental grisette, and with the tact of a great lady of the old regime she set about, in the first place, scrutinizing the character and morals of her young charge. In this scrutiny she made unexpected discoveries. The young girl whom that sad young fellow Candeil had thrown into her arms was one of the strangest creatures she had ever seen. It was with the greatest astonishment she unveiled the *naivete*, the artlessness and the confidences of this pure young heart. In a day she had learned her entire history. The daughter of Dame Gertrude, having suffered restraint or guidance from no one, not even her mother, had grown up guileless and innocent but unforbidded by the power to resist temptation. Her proud and virginal nature had preserved her, as by a miracle, from the vulgar snares into which her ignorance might have led her; but her reason had never warned her of a danger. The simple old peasant woman in whose charge Heaven had given this tender soul had not indeed been entirely blameless. It must be said, however, in extenuation of her fault, that she had, according to the good rustic custom, affianced Therese from infancy as the wife of George Salviac. This bargain decided on, the good woman thought the happiness of her child guarded and assured without further care. It happened however, unfortunately, that the child she had disposed of thus easily loved George as much as she would have loved her brother, but not more. Aymeric's appearing before her one fine morning had the effect on her awakened heart of a ray of sunshine on a flower languishing in darkness. That day a new life budded and bloomed in her heart. New emotions, new sentiments, stirred her soul, and the past faded away from her as a dream fades in the awakening to the real affairs of the bright busy world. So complete was this change in her that Madame St. Clair was at some trouble to make her understand that by her flight with Aymeric she had given much and probably irremediable pain to George and to Dame Gertrude. It was no easy task the Marchioness thereupon undertook, to cure her of her infatuation and to impress her with a vivid realization of the enormity of her offense. But her lectures had a slow and certain effect, so that her task was fully accomplished by the time she received the Baron's letter. Therese had been brought to the acknowledgment that her conduct had been foolish, that she bitterly regretted the sorrow she had caused her mother, and that she repented sincerely the impulsive act by which she had forfeited forever the love of George Salviac. But by what means could she restore herself to her former place in these two hearts she had so sadly wounded? How could the straying lamb find her way back to the fold? The Marchioness thought the whole matter over and over again, but could arrive at no conclusion. While Aymeric was away in Italy, how could she act? How could she, unknown to either, return with the lost daughter to a broken-hearted mother, or to her furious lover? Would she not be taken, possibly, for an accomplice of the young Baron? In that event the remedy would be worse than the original evil. What she required was to find some respectable person, who was well known to Dame Gertrude and to Salviac, to exercise a favorable influence on them—a person who would be sufficiently confident of the sincere repentance of Therese to guarantee her purity and innocence. Luckily, it was fated that Aymeric, who had occasioned all the trouble, should suggest the means, in his letter, of settling this difficulty.

At the name of Madame Liardot Therese broke out in a long train of compliment and affectionate phrases. Her visits to the cottage in the Rue de Lille had left her the most pleasant remembrances of the conspirator's wife. Never had she seen so much grace with so much beauty, or so much gentleness allied with so much true nobility. Although she had no suspicion that the vulgar name of Liardot was borne by the only surviving descendant of the Counts of Limeuil, she considered Christiane as a creature of a superior order, on whom it would be a pleasure to accord obedience and affection. Her eulogies of this lady made a deep impression on Madame St. Clair. The good Marchioness was very much surprised that a person possessing the qualities attributed to her in the glowing eulogies pronounced by Therese could be the wife of a coarse tradesman and contractor of the Republic. But, since Candeil knew these people, it was reasonable to presume that they were in some degree in accord with his opinions, and that they would not be likely to denounce an aristocrat. Madame St. Clair thereupon decided to undertake a journey to Paris, and gain the assistance of this Madame Liardot, of whom both the Baron and Therese spoke in such glowing terms. It would be a great injustice to the tender heart of the Marchioness to allow the supposition to prevail that she was insensible to the news of the death of the gallant officer Henri Champcervon. She wept bitterly for her poor nephew, whose political errors she had so often condemned, and even reproached herself for not having pardoned them sooner. The rest of the letter was written in a grave, sad style, quite foreign to the volatile young Baron, and Madame St. Clair could not rid her mind of a presentiment of evil in regard to him.

One day sufficed for her preparations for the journey. The good man Pilois was the only person to whom she confided her project, and with his assistance she obtained passports for herself and Therese to visit Paris on private business. In the evening of the second day after her receipt of Aymeric's letter, the mail-coach that left Montereau bore away as passengers the Marchioness and her charge on their journey of twelve weary hours.

It was decided that immediately on their arrival they should repair to the residence of Christiane, and, if the negotiations with her progressed favorably that day, Madame St. Clair should take the mail-coach at once and return to Montereau after a flying visit to Choisy to convey to Aymeric in person the news of her success.

The journey was accomplished unmarked by any event of importance, and the next morning the two travelers found themselves in Paris, and, under the intelligent guidance of Therese, Madame St. Clair ordered the coachman whom they had engaged to transport them through the city to draw up at the gate of the little cottage occupied by Christiane. Whispering a few words of cheer to the trembling girl, the Marchioness stepped out of the carriage, leaving Therese to await the result of her interview with the conspirator's wife. A servant came tardily in answer to the lady's summons, and then manifested some reluctance in admitting a visitor who declined to give her name.

"My mistress is in the garden," said the puzzled servant; "wait, and I will ask her."

The man was gone but a moment, and returned with his mistress. The Marchioness started back in unfeigned astonishment at the sight of Madame Liardot, and the latter lady manifested equal surprise.

"Christiane?" cried the Marchioness. "Is it indeed you, my dear Christiane?"

Madame Liardot did not need to be told the name of her visitor, but received her, with embraces and kisses, as an old and very dear friend. After these first effusive manifestations of affection, Christiane led the way into the parlor of the little cottage, and there briefly recounted the events that had made such great changes in her life, and how she had been saved from the scaffold by a generous-hearted man, whom she had married out of gratitude. The Marchioness, on her part, recounted bravely how the Revolution had reduced her to comparative poverty, until she whom fortune had smiled on in her youth was forced to live at Montereau on the charity of one of her former servants.

"Well, my dear child," said she by way of conclusion, "I will forgive the Revolution all the injury it has done me, if it has only done you some good, and you can truly tell me you are happy, as I sincerely hope you are."

Christiane cast down her eyes, and made no answer.

"Ah! I divine the trouble," said Madame St. Clair; "some old love is in your mind still. Your husband, I'll wager, is much older than you; and if he's as ugly as his name, he must be a terrible creature indeed. But you have told me that he is good, noble in heart, and even, I believe, a Royalist in secret sentiment. You will find in time that these qualities are worth more than any others in a husband. But speaking of old loves, now I come to think of it, you once had a tender feeling for the son of my poor friend Martha Candeil."

Madame Liardot trembled, and a shudder ran through her from head to foot; but the Marchioness was too deeply interested in her new train of thought to notice her young friend's agitation. She continued:

"No, I am not mistaken; and it is not possible you can have forgotten that silly, wild boy Aymeric, who at heart is one of the best young men in the world."

"Madame," interrupted Christiane, "I beg of you, never breathe Monsieur Candeil's name in my presence."

"Good gracious! Why not? You don't know, then, that it is to him I owe the pleasure of this meeting with you? It was he who directed me to a Madame Liardot, without telling me the lady was you. If he wished to give me a pleasant surprise, he has succeeded admirably; and for that reason alone, my darling, I will try to pardon him."

"Never!" replied the daughter of the Count.

"Oh! oh! His offense must be very great, then. You must tell me all about it, my dear child. But first let me tell you what this dainty lad, whom you think so badly of, has done."

"I don't wish to hear anything of him."

"It was an act of virtue, my dear. No, virtue is not a strong enough term to designate it. It was an act of heroism on his part—sublime heroism."

"I have never doubted his bravery, madame."

"Bravery? But it isn't a question of bravery. It is more than that—something quite different from the ordinary thing, indeed. Truly, I think since Scipio and the Chevalier Bayard there has never been seen anything like it."

Christiane looked at her companion in blank amazement. Was it possible that her troubles had unsettled her mind?

"Let me tell it," ran on the Marchioness. "You know Aymeric was always a charming cavalier, and very fascinating among the ladies. Well, he quite unconsciously—in fact, utterly unknown to himself—made conquest of a young grisette a month ago. But what is the matter with you, child? You grow pale."

"Nothing," said Christiane, with an effort. "Go on, I pray you."

"Well, then, indeed he's a perfect Joseph. And what makes it more astonishing, is that the young girl is perfectly lovely. But, between you and me, it was not such disinterested virtue on his part, after all; for he was doubtless over head-and-ears somewhere else. After all, though, it was very noble in him to act towards her as he has done."

"Why, what has he done?" inquired Madame Liardot faintly.

"Listen. You must know, Candeil, who had come to Paris secretly to conspire against the Republic, found himself one fine evening on the road to Italy charged with a message from the King. He did not know that this little fool who had taken a fancy to him was concealed in the coach with him, and did not discover her identity until they were twenty leagues from Paris."

"He knew it all the time, madame," said Christiane, with a gesture of reprehension.

"Ah! I see you have heard something of the story," continued the Marchioness; "but I assure you he did not know of her presence. Luckily, it happened that when he recognized his companion I was near at hand, and when the mail-coach stopped at Montereau for a relay Aymeric came out grandly—heroically. He was superb. He confided the beautiful creature to me without asking her permission, and departed without even kissing the tips of her rosy fingers. Isn't that splendid? Wasn't that heroic?"

"What! Was it you who received this missing girl?" said Christiane in amazement.

"Yes, I; and I will answer for her goodness and innocence. She has been under my tutelage for a month, and she is quite a different creature. I had some trouble with her, but I can vouch for it now that she is perfectly cured of her wild infatuation. The poor girl has a mother and a lover whom in her heart she secretly worships, and who will yet love her dearly, for I hope to return her to her home and to their hearts, and I rely on you to aid me in accomplish this."

"On me?" exclaimed Christiane in complete astonishment.

"Certainly. You know the mother of this unfortunate girl, who holds you in great veneration, it appears. The girl's intended is a brave young officer of the Republic, who adores his Therese, and whom it will not be difficult to persuade to pardon her when you join me in attesting that in all this escapade she has simply acted like an innocent little school-girl playing truant, and nothing more. It is agreed, is it not? We will go together at once and make the necessary visits of reconciliation."

"Madame," responded Christiane, with a glow of indignation overspreading her beautiful features, "Monsieur Candeil has shamefully deceived you. He has ruined this young girl, and then has added to his crime by seeking to compromise you in his new piece of rascality."

"But, my dear child, I repeat I am sure, absolutely sure, of what I tell you. Read the letter he sent me asking me to bring the poor girl here to you." And the Marchioness, who had taken care to preserve this missive, drew it from her pocket, and offered it to Madame Liardot, who took it with a trembling hand. Christiane began to read with an emotion that was painfully expressed on her features, and now for the first time Madame St. Clair noticed her agitation. When she had finished the letter she was as pale as a corpse, and her eyes were filled with tears. "Well, my dear, what say you to that?" asked the Marchioness. "There is no mistaking that. It is not written in the style of a conquering lover. I hope you no longer doubt the honesty of his conduct or the honor of his purpose."

"This letter proves that he has confided to your care a young girl about whom he has troubled himself no further after he has abandoned her. It proves this, and nothing more."

"Granted," said the Marchioness, "but you will not discredit my testimony altogether, I hope. You will believe me when I tell you I have closely questioned Therese, and she has told me everything in the innocent fullness of her heart. I vouch for it—she is worthy to be the wife of an honest man."

"And what did she confess to you?"

"Nothing that compromises her, or, above all, Aymeric; for he has conducted himself in this affair in a way that surprises me. Imagine it, my dear. The silly girl, in a moment of infatuation, literally threw herself into his arms without knowing really what she was doing; and it is to Candeil's credit, to the honor of men who were born with a special devil in them, and who passed at Versailles under the old regime as a breaker of hearts—he, a Candeil, put her off to me with paternal counsel."

"False! false!" murmured Christiane.

"I tell you, my dear Christiane, I am sure of it. There was some serious love for someone else in the poor boy's heart, for it must have been something powerful like that to convert him from his evil ways so suddenly."

"And did this girl tell that she passed the night preceding Monsieur Candeil's departure in his room?" asked Madame Liardot bitterly. "I have her mother's assurance of the fact."

"Well, granted again," said Madame St. Clair, laughing. "I know the whole story. Therese told me that with the rest. It appears that the night in question her little head was in a greater turmoil than usual. She had worked late, and her window opened on the court opposite Aymeric's. The silly child did not sleep. Girls never sleep at her age, when their brains are filled with romance. Her eyes naturally wandered to the window of the room opposite, where she saw her hero moving to and fro. She saw him handling firearms, and imagined that he contemplated suicide. She thoughtlessly hastened to him at once. Aymeric was, in reality, prosaically engaged in packing his trunks, and since the highways, under the beneficent rule of the Republic, one and indivisible, have become unsafe, was preparing, as necessary precaution, to arm himself in case of need. Therese has recited to me word for word everything that was said on this occasion, and I assure you no saint in the calendar could have conducted himself more prudently than did Aymeric."

"If I could believe this ——"

"Do believe it, my darling—believe it confidently, and aid me to bring the poor child back to her mother's arms. You have confidence in my judgment, I know, and you can rely on the promptings of your own heart. How can you think I could be deceived thus far?—I, who have had so long an experience!"

"Listen to me, madame," said Christiane, deeply moved; "I want you to answer me fairly and honestly. I want you to swear to me that in vouching for this young woman's honor you have not been carried away by the sympathies of your tender heart; swear to me that Monsieur Candeil has not failed in his honorable duty—and that he does not love—that he never loved her."

"I swear all that without the slightest hesitation. Therese is as pure as she was before this absurd journey. She has no higher ambition than to marry her captain. She will make him very happy, and I think I have so impressed her with my arguments that she worships him already. If it had been otherwise, do you suppose the Marchioness of St. Clair would have taken all this trouble to make villainy triumph over virtue? Aymeric is still the brave and loyal gentleman you have always known him to be. Something of a dandy and a fop, perhaps, but incapable of a positive act of villainy. I would be willing to swear, further, that he loves another woman, and that that love is the most sincere that ever lodged in the heart of this wild, adventurous boy. But you grow pale, my child."

"Wretch that I am!" murmured Christiane. "When Aymeric fled, a refugee to England, we were betrothed."

"But the Count, your father, opposed the match. Did he consent ——"

"He knew nothing of it. Then came those dreadful days of September—the death of my father on the scaffold—my rescue from beneath the blood-stained knife by my marriage with the man whose name I bear. We were not married by a priest, however, and Monsieur Liardot had sworn to me that on the return of the King he would leave me free to dissolve our union; but it was I who, of my own act ——"

She could not finish, but broke off her sentence with a flood of tears.

"Ah! I understand all," said the Marchioness. "Poor child! they told you of Therese's escapade; you thought Candeil had been false to you, and then ——"

"Then I threw myself at the feet of the man who passed for my husband, and begged him to have our marriage consecrated by the Church."

"And he has done it?"

"He loved me, too, and you know not how far he has gone in his self-abnegation and generosity of heart. He did not wish to accept the sacrifice I offered him. He represented to me that one day I would regret the act. I would not listen to him, for my heart was wounded, and my brain overturned. For three days I have been his wife."

"Poor Aymeric! and you did not see him again?"

"Yes; but only once, and then on the fatal night when I appeared before him in my bridal robes. I wished to avenge myself for what I imagined was his faithlessness, although I knew I could not tear his image from my heart, nor quell the love that was all my life."

"This is terrible!" murmured the good Marchioness.

"And I love him still! —love him more than ever! My jealous heart has been my ruin! Why does not Heaven crush me for having cruelly tortured and broken the heart that beat for me alone!"

MINNIE WALTON, ACTRESS.

"Alas, my poor child, it is your destiny—the will of Providence—and you must submit in the hope that your misfortune may not be doubly irreparable. Aymeric's letter is written in terms that give me much apprehension—he, ordinarily so gay, so reckless of the future, writes as if he expected never to see me again."

"True; this letter is a farewell. Oh, it needs only the reproach of having been the cause of his death to crush me with woe!"

"Oh! Perhaps I am alarmed without cause; but tell me—what became of him after this sad scene?"

"He left me in a fever of anger."

"And the next day, doubtless, wrote me this desponding letter. Ah! if I had only come three days ago, as I intended! That's what it is to be old."

"He has killed himself in despair, or perhaps he has staked his head on some rash act of conspiracy."

"He is in the conspiracy against the Republic still?" inquired the Marchioness.

"Yes, in a conspiracy with my husband."

The Marchioness manifested great surprise.

"Yes," continued Christiane, "with my husband, who is the leader of a Royalist plot in which all engaged stake their heads. This conspiracy was to have come to an open demonstration yesterday."

"My dear Christiane," asked Madame St. Clair suddenly, "will you introduce me to your husband?"

"My husband?" repeated Christiane in bewilderment. "What will you say to him?"

"Nothing that will injure you in his esteem, my child; when he learns my name he will listen to me, and will aid me in caring for poor Aymeric, of whom he cannot be jealous, since you are now united to him by the Church. It is no reason, because the Baron Candeil is unfortunate, to allow him to throw himself into some deadly Jacobin trap."

"Provided it be not too late."

"Bah! If anything had gone wrong with the conspiracy, you would have know it, since your husband is the chief of the conspiracy. But come, let us lose no time. Where is Monsieur Liardot?"

"He is here," said Christiane, pointing to the end of the long central path in the garden, for during the latter part of the conversation the Marchioness had led the way out of the cottage. It was indeed Liardot who had suddenly appeared, and, wonderful to relate, the conspirator usually so calm in manner and sedate in action, approached on a run. Christiane immediately experienced a presentiment of a new misfortune.

As for the Marchioness, she observed with a very natural curiosity the coarse and homely person who had allied himself with the aristocratic blood of De Limeuil, and she could not help pitying the unfortunate lady who had chained herself to him for life. It must be acknowledged that at the first glance the face of the rude chief of the conspiracy was not in his favor on any occasion; but this day it wore an expression that was almost frightful. Liardot was livid. His eyes shone with a dull fire, and his mouth was pinched and contracted under the power of a violent emotion. He slackened his pace as he approached the two ladies, and saluted them calmly. At the same time he cast an inquiring glance at Christiane.

"The Marchioness St. Clair—an old friend of my family," said Madame Liardot, in reply to the mute question of her husband.

The latter bowed coldly and said:

"My dear Christiane, I must speak with you alone."

"Very well, monsieur; I shall withdraw, but I shall not go," said Madame St. Clair, "for I have sought out your wife to aid in accomplishing a good work which cannot be delayed."

And with these words the good lady walked off a few paces.

"What is the matter?" asked Madame Liardot eagerly.

"The conspiracy is discovered. Our friends are arrested. I may be taken, myself, at any moment. We have barely time to fly, and I have come to find you for that purpose."

"To fly?" repeated Christiane mechanically.

"Yes; we still have time. A carriage awaits us at the corner of the street. The agents of police will approach the house by the wharf entrance, and will not meet us. Long ago I prepared a place of refuge for us in such an emergency, and I carry with me enough gold to make us comfortable and happy in a foreign land. Fly, I say—there is not a minute to spare!"

"Did you say that all our friends have been arrested?"

"All, or nearly all. At first the police arrested only one of the brethren of the conspiracy. Then there were revelations made by some traitor or coward, and the authorities got on the track of the committee. The search is still in progress, and it is a miracle that I am still free; but my name had not been given to the authorities the first day."

"What has become of Monsieur Candeil, then?" asked Christiane, terrified.

"Monsieur Candeil? It is he—it is his folly—that has ruined us! He threw himself with the utmost rashness into the most foolish of snares. Instead of following my instructions, he has conducted himself in a reckless manner that is equivalent to treason."

"But—where is he?"

"In the Abbage. He has been a prisoner there for the past three days, and we were ignorant of it; for he had not notified us that he was going to risk his foolish plan on the camp at Sablons. If he had only ——"

An agonizing cry broke off the speech of the chief of the conspiracy, and brought Madame St. Clair back to the side of Christiane.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HURRAH FOR O'LEARY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OSCAR R. BEERS.

Again o'er the land of the brave and the free
Has victory sounded through city and town;
Again has America proven to be
The home of the heroes who bask in renown;
In boating, in shooting, in walking we stand
At the head of all nations, the first and the best;
For our emblems of victory on every hand
Prove America's mettle alone stands the test.

Again has O'Leary walked forth to receive
The honor that's due for victory won;
And again has Old England been made to believe
That O'Leary may still prove the conquering one;
Though he suffered defeat that smacked of disgrace,
And like a poor amateur was forced from the track,
Yet his last record proves he is still in the race,
And may win every one of his old laurels back.

Then we'll stand by O'Leary, who, mile after mile,
Has worried Old England's sons weary and sore;
Even Crossland was led like a ghost all the while,
With hope fading fast at the sight of his score;
Then let us all hope that his nerve has returned,
That O'Leary and Weston—brave heroes once more—
Will add to their glory so honestly earned,
And keep that *Big Belt* on America's shore.

Newark, N. J., June 29, '79.

HONI SOIT,

OR THE MODEL OF THE SCULPTOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MNEMOSYNE.

"Tell me the meaning, please."

He looked up from his reading at the girl who questioned, and something in her face caused his eyes to linger upon it with more of thought than ever before.

For weeks he had been rusticating, trifling with his art, studying muscle and form in their free development of man and woman kind, and frequently attended by the girl in his rambles among the grand old mountain paths, wondering that so appreciative and poetic a nature should have been nurtured amid such barren surroundings and uneducated companionship, but never reflecting that it needed only the softening and illuminating touches of refinement and the artistic in dress to render her beautiful. But now the fact came to him with more of force for long delay, and, pretending to be absorbed in his book, he critically examined feature and form with eyes trained to discover perfection in all points tending to a statue such as the chisel of a master, guided by inspiration, can give to the world. As yet she was wanting in many a requisite to fully satisfy his ideal; but he saw that another year would fill out and round into harmony and rare physical perfection, and love of the æsthetic for the time ruled paramount and to the exclusion of all else. The head was that of Juno, proudly rising from a queenly bust and crowned with golden-bronze hair, glossy and fine as spun glass. The eyes were speaking ones, large, liquid, hazel and deftly curtained at will by long, curved lashes. The complexion was clear, ruddy with health, but now darkened by sun and wind. The dress was short and simple, and from beneath, as she half reclined at the foot of a maple, tiny slippered feet and neatly turned ankles and a trifle more of limbs were given to view than overstrained and savagely foolish modesty would have deemed *en regle*, and he could judge, from the faultless carving of the glorious symmetry, of what the entire form would be when time had ripened into womanhood.

"Please tell me the meaning," she repeated, with the most enticing pout of the red lips and an upturning of the dimpled chin.

"As generally rendered," he replied, "evil to him who evil thinks."

"And there is a story connected with it? I judge there must be from what you have read. Please tell it to me."

It was a difficult thing to do, man of the world though he was, as he sat beneath the steady light of the pure eyes—far more difficult than had he been in society trained and accustomed to the "French school" in painting and the nude in marble. Such natures as hers easily take alarm, are shocked without just cause, and hesitate long before accepting the plastic philosophy that "to the pure in heart all things are pure." And she seemed to read his thoughts, and, with her face crimsoning until the rich blushes became painful, the eyes lowered and lashes drooped until they swept the soft oval of the cheek, continued:

"Is it bad—very bad? Then do not tell me. But if bad, why is it printed that girls like myself can read?"

"Not exactly bad," he replied, smiling at her perfect artlessness, "and yet your querry would puzzle older and wiser heads than mine. It is the motto of a famous order, and one which nobles—aye, and kings—are proud to wear, though, truth to tell, the origin is somewhat questionable."

He related briefly and delicately as possible the story, and she sat motionless, as one pained and voiceless. It was to her the opening of a new and startling page in the book of life—a glimpse of a word of which she knew nothing.

"My dear child," he said, when he had finished the recital, "your unsophisticated nature looks at the matter in a far worse light than the reality. Heaven help you, should you go out from these mountains and face society as it is."

"Then the world is very bad?" she asked, raising her eyes for a moment to his face, but to again suddenly hide their shining depths.

"I am not speaking of the vile or the base. Art, with brush and chisel, scorns, in a great degree, the trammels of dress, and you would turn ashamed and even wounded from statues that are worshiped. And yet of all the lines of beauty those of the human form divine are the chief, and he who can the truest reproduce them wins and wears the highest crown."

"And," she still questioned, after a little of thought, "are they—the statues—copied from the living?"

"Certainly; but not from one alone. Very few perhaps not a single human being is gifted with perfection in all respects, and it requires drawing from the many to give a faultless ideal. Did you ever see the 'Greek Slave' or 'Eve?' No? Well, I can show you a photograph of the former. Wait a moment."

In a brief time he returned and laid in her hand a sun reproduction of the wonderful marble. She glanced at it long and eagerly, and the effect was very different from what he had anticipated. There was no painful crimsoning of cheeks and throat, no tossing it aside and flouting away. On the contrary, all of color was banished as she sat with parted lips and bated breath and eyes wonderfully appreciative, drinking in the glory of art of which before she had scarcely read. Nothing but perfect innocence and purity and mighty love of the beautiful could have stood such a first test unabashed, and her companion murmured in admiration and almost unconsciously:

"What a beautiful Eve you would make. Do? How much Powers would have given for such a model."

"Would I make a good one?" she still innocently questioned, and then, as her eyes again sought the picture, she stammered in shame-faced confusion: "I mean ——"

"Yes," he interrupted mercifully, "yes, glorious."

"And—I mean—are there other statues women give themselves as models for?"

"Draped ones, you mean. Certainly. Sometimes but a hand, a foot, shoulder or head or limb is required."

"And for it do they receive pay?"

"Yes, and largely."

She handed back the photograph without another word, and, regardless of the flowers she had gathered, arose, and walked slowly to the house, as one lost in thought. And so she was. The gate as of another world had been flung open to her, and the stolen glimpses caused her heart to bound and ambition mount as never before. Long fettered by poverty and disgusted by the coarseness of her associations, her spirit had groped blindly for some way to reach a better land—some means to climb, to procure books, to see the wonderful in Art. And now the way seemed open and the path smoothed. Her innocence and purity wrapped her about as a veil impenetrable, and (with her little knowledge of the stern requirements of art) she saw nothing in being a model to shock or wound.

That night no sleep came. She lay under the glittering, golden fringe of the Southern Cross and dreamed waking dreams of a day made radiant by knowledge—of an hour when her soul would be untrammeled by want, when she could commune with the great and noble, and stand unabashed and unawed amid the beautiful. War had thrown her a waif amid distant relatives—kind-hearted, it was true, but poor beyond the dreariest meaning of poverty. The terrible autograph of battle had been written in scars and graves upon the masonry builded by the hand of the Eternal at Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge and Chattanooga, and she stayed, not lived, fondly, vainly hoping for release, dwarfed in mind, but developing into the perfection of physical beauty that blending of Northern and Southern blood often produces. And the hour of freedom came unexpectedly and with premonitions of a glorious, a brilliant future, and she hesitated not to seize upon the thread of gold that would lead to a mine auriferous. For days she talked with him whose words had first caused the scales to drop from her eyes. He kindly turned page after page of memory, and told what travel and study had taught him. But when she avowed her purpose to leave orange grove and magnolia bloom and sensously perfumed vine behind, and, finding her way North, seek employment as a model, he kindly checked her enthusiasm by saying:

"My child, you as yet realize little what you would do. The limit you have pictured is scarcely the stepping-stone. Pause and reflect. Think of what is required for the perfect statue. One who gives herself to Art must throw to the winds very much, if not all, of maidenly modesty."

"But," she replied, and, though the crimson burned upon her cheeks, there was little of indecision in her voice, "the one who could conceive and execute a 'Greek Slave' and 'Eve Before the Fall' must be lifted above all of grossness."

"True, the subjects are idealized, almost sublimed, and yet gazing upon the cold marble is very different from the rosy, living model, and all men, to their shame be it spoken, are not purified and exalted by Art."

"It was your words," she answered, with a shade of disappointment creeping into her tones, "that first taught me to look unmoved upon such things—first taught me the true meaning of the motto of the garter."

"The theory is noble—ennobling—yet the practice, I fear, would be but a Utopian dream—the vision of an impossible Arcadia."

"Then," she responded with a sigh that told how deeply her feelings had become interested—"then you have done me a great wrong. Upon what you said I builded hopes for the future that are demolished."

"Not willingly, my dear child, have I turned iconoclast. But had you indeed so much set your heart upon the matter—upon becoming a model to be glorified in marble?"

"No, you misunderstand me. I have thought long and earnestly, and realize far more than one of your sex can comprehend how much I should shrink from the gaze of rude men, how my cheeks would flame at a coarse remark, how much pain I would endure to be copied, perhaps even touched, by rude fingers."

"And yet you would dare a thousand-fold more. Oh! brave little heart."

"Have you forgotten that a true, pure woman has the power in her eye alone to say to man as Jehovah to

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1879.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

D. MCG.—It is a matter that depends upon the position of the observer with respect to the location of the sun. When the sun and the observer are both in the same horizontal plane, the bows will be semi-circles, and their highest altitude respectively 42deg. and 54deg. This will be at sunset. The higher the sun, the lower the bows. In high latitudes, where the sun is often very low in the sky, there may be bows at midday, while in the low and middle latitudes the observer who is at the ordinary level never sees them be ween about nine o'clock in the morning and three o'clock in the afternoon. There are minor bows, caused by the dew on the grass, by the spray from the paddle wheels of steamers, etc. A pretty bow can also be seen by whoever stations himself near the flagstaff of a steamboat, on the opposite side from the sun, when the boat has speed enough to create spray at the bow. It is not generally known that the moon makes a rainbow, usually white, and but faintly colored, if at all. It is single, while the sun's rays create a double bow, and sometimes a triple one, the third not being readily perceptible to the naked eye.

A. J., Weldon.—C cannot put up more than four dollars for a straddle of a two-dollar blind; but if there is no limit in the game he can "see" the blind and at once raise it as much as he pleases. There is what is called "straddling and straddling back," but it is only in virtue of a special agreement, and by the same process C could make his straddle of a two-dollar blind cost the next man more than eight dollars. It can only be done by special agreement, however, or as a matter of concession. It is not in the game proper.

H. T., Point Pleasant.—1. Unless specially agreed upon to the contrary, a cuchre player who is assisted cannot go alone. One of the reasons is that it has already been provided that he is to be *assisted*, and another reason is that when he proffered that assistance, he practically and virtually told his partner that he himself had a pretty good hand as to a certain trump. 2. Hoyle never wrote or published a book about euchre. There is a book called "American Hoyle" that permits an assistant to play alone. 3. Your subscription expires with No. 19, Vol. 27.

J. J. H., St. Paul.—There is really nothing in that five line notice to call forth your very lengthy communication. You have evidently misunderstood the harmless little paragraph. Now, it is quite possible that the correspondent's true meaning was that there so many people were turned away from the first-named show that they were sufficient to overcrowd the second. See?

LIGHTNING, Montgomery.—1. We would not advise the young man to undertake the tramp. He can make more money where he is. 2. If the watch was neither a half minute slower nor faster than the referee's, then it was a bet; and if he is an honorable man he will pay. 3. The stakeholder should acquaint himself with the laws of the State regarding betting, and govern himself accordingly.

JAMES EDWARDS.—Daniel O'Leary did receive a portion of the gate-money, as did others, in the first competition for the Astley belt. It was optional with the manager to give anything more than the announced prizes, however, and none of the contestants could have rightfully claimed any of the gate-money.

J. A.—1. The salaries actors or actresses receive for their services are a matter of strictly private business, and concern only themselves and their manager. 2. Deputy sheriffs conduct prisoners who have been sentenced to Sing Sing thither, and their fees for such services are fixed by law.

W. H. E., Cincinnati.—When A said of his opponent's raise "That beats me," his words were equivalent to resigning the pot, and the opponent was justified in throwing up his hand and taking down the pot. If A desired to call his opponent, he should have said nothing to the contrary, and should have put his money in.

ARGUS, Washington.—A loses. The Nationals, according to your statement, did not win a majority of the games. As there is no pretense that the bet was that the Nationals would lose more games than they would win, it is to be held to have bet merely that the Nationals would not win a majority of their games.

J. O. H., Milwaukee.—In October, 1872, on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, Hatfield made the best throw on record, viz., 133yds. 1ft. 7½in. He had made in 1868 at Cincinnati a previous unequaled throw of 132yds. 2ft. 4in. James O'Rourke, now of the Providence Club, while in England with the Bostons in 1874, made a throw of 121yds. 2ft.

J. C., Emmet.—1. You will have to write to him himself to find out if he was baptized in the Catholic Church or not. 2. Horace Greeley's father and mother were born near Amherst, N. H., it their surroundings by birth is what you refer to when you speak of his descent.

G. G., Rochester.—If the bet was made on games apparently not to be played, the fact that they had already been played nullifies the bet; but if both bettors had knowledge that the games had been played, then the bet stands, and A wins.

R. L. B., Milton.—The penalty of opening the pot is one that should always be agreed upon before commencing play, as the opening affects the pockets of other players besides those who remain in the pot. Different coteries provide different penalties.

W. Z., Detroit.—1. Henry N. Smith owned Goldsmith Maid when she made her best time, and probably became accompanied her to many of the places in which she trotted that season. 2. Lorillard was not in England when Paroie won there.

A READER, New London.—John Ennis was a contestant in the first competition for the championship of England belt, in London, commencing Dec. 28 and ending Dec. 2, 1878. This was the contest which was won by Corkey, and in which Rowell finished third. Ennis being fifth.

F. M. P., Philadelphia.—Two feet should been allowed every ball disturbed after such allowance is to be put back in the place it would have occupied but for the disturbance. As you have not described the stroke, we cannot be more definite.

W. B. O., Austin.—If the base of the pin was two or more inches from its spot, the pin counts as down, in the absence of any special rule to the contrary. In some coteries there is a special rule holding that a pin is up that is not wholly down, no matter where it happens to stop.

GEO. CANNER, Baltimore.—We would recommend that you take regular running exercise in the open air, gradually increasing the distance until you are over the difficulty complained of. If you find that does not have the desired effect, then you should consult a physician.

J. H. C., Syracuse.—1. Not out. 2. Pearce is the oldest. Dr. Jones knew the age of the youngster, but he is in Canada. 4. Yes. 5. See our aquatic department. 6. Wait until he enters the ring. 7. There is no "champion billiard player of America."

C. H. H.—They could call on D to lead a diamond, but C could play any diamond that he pleased. Had they not called on D to lead a diamond, they could have called on any of the exposed diamond whenever either of themselves led or whenever it should be C's lead.

S. S., Newark.—1. Salary would depend upon reputation and length of engagement. If successful, you could get plenty of engagements. 2. Bow-legged people are not wanted on any stage. 3. Banjo-playing and singing, if excellent, are attractive and in demand.

GRIDLEY, Washington.—He was stated to have fairly accomplished the feat. At any rate, he arrived at Chicago on the day appointed for the conclusion of the undertaking.

T. M., Bridgeport.—O'Leary has won the Astley six-day belt twice, once in England, when it was a first contested, and once in this country, his opponent on the latter occasion being John Hughes.

E. J., Newburg.—A player who raises or looks at his hand at draw-poker cannot claim a misdeal. Besides, in passing, C had played his hand virtually. His hand was foul, and he had to throw it up.

NO SIGNATURE, Washington.—We can make nothing out of your statement. At cassino a player who has made enough points to put himself out can call out at once.

J. L. N., Morristown.—1. Watch our circus summary. 2. Cannot say. 3. Scott Brothers, Fulton street, near Broadway, this city. 4. We cannot state definitely whether John Robinson's Circus ever performed in Mexico.

L. K.—No answers by mail. The Stadt Theatre, in this city, seats 3,015, has the largest seating capacity of all the theatres in this country. The Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, seats 1,614.

AMATEUR, Williamsport.—They might do so. Write to Ed. Eagan, 30 Centre street, this city, inclosing a three-cent stamp, and he will send you a catalogue of plays, with prices.

H. H., Holyoke.—"A visits B to play a National championship game of ball. If B gives rain-checks, and the game is called at the end of two innings, is B obliged to pay any money to A?".....It depends upon the agreement entered into.

J. A. B., Boston.—There is no champion skipping-rope dancer in this country. Look over our variety summary for the page in question, and you will find plenty of them.

WORCESTER.—The only "sure thing" in betting is one in which fraud plays a part, and fraud will invalidate a bet.

E. S., Washington.—The Nationals had played eight more championship games than the Albanys up to and including June 26.

INQUIRER, Willimantic.—Cannot say who are the principal dealers, but you can get such instruments of F. Eckel & Co., 61 Nurling slip, New York.

NO SIGNATURE, Boston.—The count for game being a tie at all-fours, the non-dealer reckons one for it, as an offset to the one point the privilege of turning up Jack.

RAFIKI.—Address a letter to D. S. Wambold, Sturtevant House, this city, or call there and ascertain his present address and then address accordingly.

T. C. W., Brooklyn.—We have no data by which to answer your question. Suppose you write to the secretary of the Brooklyn Athletic Association.

CONSTANT READER, Saratoga.—1. In care of *The Era*, 49 Wellington street, Strand, London, Eng. 2. They are doing so well there that it is not likely they will return.

W. H., Hoboken.—The Stadt Theatre, this city, which seats 3,015, is the largest in America. The Academy of Music seats 2,400.

S. J. WRIGHT, Hazardville.—1. It was in 1861, we believe. 2. Weston was credited with going from Portland, Me., to Chicago, Ill., in 1867.

FRED C. MCLEIN, Bridgeport.—It being a championship fight, the principals were not required to scale, and the weight given out for them was not correct.

DAVID BELASCO.—"In Love," "Edison, the Celebrated Man," "Parting," "The Wonderful Walker," "The Reveries of a True and Loyal Citizen."

J. H. LARKSON, Lincoln.—Andre Christol and Clarence Whisler were stated to have started from Denver, Col., for the East, a couple of weeks ago.

H. MCLEY, Malone.—Such records as we have for hose-company running are published in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

J. C., Albany.—We cannot inform you where his mother was born. If you make direct application, he may tell you himself.

H. P., Abingdon.—Nothing counts in play that is not played. If this is not definite enough, please state a case with cards played.

M. B., Cleveland.—We cannot decide. The bulk of what you speak of is simply a question of individual taste.

TOM, Iowa City.—The Athletic and Boston teams were in England in July and August, 1874.

J. P. HAYFORD, Salem.—Measure the jump from toe to heel being the actual distance covered.

J. C. W., San Francisco.—Yes; send scores of Pacific League games.

THOS. CHASE, Long Branch.—As Hosmer and mate did not start, the bet, unless made play or pay, is a draw.

FRED E. FLECKS, Pittsburg.—No pools sold on those events here.

D. A., Boston.—The sweep counts at once, if its maker calls out.

GOLDSMITH, St. Johns.—Six of the nine, at least, were Americans, if not all.

C. E. A., Richland Centre.—No answers by mail. Address her in care of this office.

DISPUTER.—Cannot afford the space to publish the ex-Empress' biography. You can find it in the public libraries.

G. MCL., Utica.—Pedestrimetre Mfg. Co., Fifth avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

H. T. R., Albany.—The bet is off, if the crew did not start.

J. H. G., Albany.—Pictures received safely. Thanks.

H. W. B., Whitlesville.—The distance was 500 miles.

C. L. M., Santa Mara.—He can show out on high.

A. N., Bradford.—Information too stale for use.

J. C. E., Dover.—See CLIPPER ALMANAC.

C. J. S.—Have no record of the event.

W. F. H.—You lose, under our rule.

M. H.—Yes; that is his name.

J. F. B., Winnipeg.—Hanlan.

THE CELEBRATION of the Fourth of July was a great success everywhere, notwithstanding the intense heat, the thermometer in many places running up among the nineties. Never before within the memory of the oldest inhabitant did steamboats and railroads do such a rushing business as they did on the "glorious Fourth." They were going and coming the entire day, and way into the early hours of the 5th passengers were waiting their chances to be conveyed to their homes. The sporting element was a popular feature in the observance of the day; pedestrian contests, shooting matches, baseball, cricket, sculling, horse-racing, athletic competition, and every variety of outdoor recreation coming in for a share of public attention and patronage. Murder made its mark, as usual; while "accidents," unavoidable hostile contentions, and the offshoots of explosives were as numerous as the most callous surgeon could desire, or the most exacting sympathizing undertaker ask for. The small boy was picked up in fragments all over the country, and glued together after the most approved scientific fashion. Thousands of visitors to Coney Island failed to profit by our advice, and left their umbrellas at home. They looked like drowned rats when the storm abated, and they sneaked back to the city in the darkness of the night. The American shipping flaunted the flag of freedom, but in some instances, we regret to say, English vessels gave no sign of the "red, white and blue," much to the surprise of other foreigners, who *did* fly our colors. We knew how this would be when Weston won the Astley Belt by beating his English competitors, and when Hanlan "got away" with the British champion sculler. Several excursion boats, rendered topheavy by the crowds of humanity that covered their decks, toppled over, and a number of persons were drowned. The big balloon at Coney didn't go up, as usual, and Long Branch laughed in its sleeve at the failure. Money seemed to be abundant, giving evidence of better times and plenty of work. Fights were among the notable occurrences; but, as they were inspired by feelings of patriotism, the belligerents were not seriously interfered with, and the revels proceeded to the later end. Taken for all in all, the one hundred and third anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence was a grand gala occasion, far eclipsing, in some respects, its illustrious predecessors. Hurrah!

NEWSBOYS IN COUNCIL.—George W. Childs, proprietor of *The Philadelphia Public Ledger*, gave the newsboys of that city a public reception and dinner, in the Permanent Exhibition building, on the Fourth of July. There were six hundred of 'em, all told, and all possessing good, wholesome appetites, which the riches of the Golcondas cannot purchase. It was a very interesting sight to witness "the gallant six hundred" in the fullness of their joy discussing the merits of the viands set before them. It is seldom that these disseminators of early intelligence have an opportunity to go through the various courses of a complete bill-of-fare; therefore, we should look with leniency upon these lads who commenced at the top of the ladder and worked their way down, through various degrees and excellence of provender, to the bottom, or base of supplies. It was very touching to behold "the six hundred," with beef to the right of them, stew to the left of them, vegetables in front of them, and ice-cream in the rear of them, keeping one eye on the near dish, and the other on the various off'uns, only resigning the one when the other loomed up before them "like pearls in the depths of the sea." It is an instructive study to watch the boys at such a banquet. Pie seems to be their strong hold, and ice-cream is no slouch; but where there were so many good things it would be unfair to attempt to discriminate. The newsboy liketh all things well, and to him all things seemeth good.

THE TWO TEAMS of female baseball-players attracted a large crowd at Oakdale Park, Philadelphia, on the Fourth of July, but the spectators were not of the appreciative sort, and the girls were dreadfully crowded by the pernicious onlookers. The police were unable to preserve order, the roughs did as they pleased, and that the players escaped without serious injury was among the marvels of the day's proceedings.

COMING.—Hanlan, the victorious sculler, is on his way to this port, where he should arrive the latter part of this week. Whether a public reception will be given him here we cannot say; but that his reception in Canada will be one of the great events of the year admits of no doubt. Already extensive preparations are being made in Toronto to show in what estimation the young sculler is held there.

OUR HOSPITALS are full of small boys with holes in them, made by guns and pistols and rockets. One of the lads is continually crying out in his agony: "When this cruel war is over!"

CORONERS, doctors and undertakers did a thriving business last week. This, for the season of the year, was the most successful combination out.

AQUATIC.

METROPOLITAN ROWING ASSOCIATION REGATTA.

Like those which preceded it, the third annual regatta of the above Association, held on the Hudson River on July 4, was a failure, notwithstanding the fact that the entries were numerous enough, and the oarsmen of a class capable, under favorable circumstances, of rowing very interesting races. This was not so much the result of ill-luck as it was the consequence of the ill-advised action of the committee in not heeding the warnings received on the occasion of the previous regattas, that of 1877 having been held on the Kill Von Kull, and spoiled by a combination of rough water and the obstructions caused by passing boats, while the same causes, in lesser degree, operated to render the second affair, held on the Hudson, above Fort Lee, in 1878, a thing not to be referred to with feelings of pleasure by those who participated. The only improvement noticeable this year was the effectiveness of the means taken to prevent interference with the oarsmen by outside craft, but the results of the racing were scarcely as satisfactory as last year, for the reason that the water was so very rough that shell-boat racing should not have been thought of, as may be inferred from the fact that the only one of the events the competing craft took in a succession of seas, while in all but one of them one or more of the contestants were swamped, and in one, that for six-oared gigs, every one of the three competing boats was sunk. Under circumstances such as these of course deciding races on the merits of the men was out of the question, good luck, good management and muscle having a decided advantage over skill in oarmanship, while the interest felt in the regatta was largely confined to selecting race where the chances of securing a good course were infinitely greater than on the broad, exposed Hudson, the committee fixed upon that part of the river stretching from the foot of 170th to 140th street, which is peculiarly liable to be greatly disturbed at this season of the year, and the consequence was that a southwest wind, which, instead of decreasing, continued to grow in strength as the day advanced, kicked up such a sea before the time set for starting the races that few persons imagined that an attempt to proceed with the regatta would then be made. The referee, A. F. Dexter, came to the conclusion that the men were able to row through the waves, however, and so the folly of amateur racing in which the water swept over the boats at almost every stroke was witnessed. A much better course could have been had by crossing to the other side of the river, which could have been done without the loss of much time, and certainly the racing would then have been much more satisfactory than it was when the boats were called upon to plow through billows which would have caused the postponement of any professional contest. Considering the unfavorable circumstances of this regatta were too important to have been decided any other way than strictly on the merits of the contestants, and for this reason it is a pity that a different course was not pursued by the committee in charge of the proceedings, on whose action the matter hinged. We think that the lessons so far received should determine the Association to select for next year's regatta water that can be depended upon to behave itself, while being at the same time within easy distance of the metropolis—the latter an object which has actuated the body in making their selections for the events which have been decided in so unsatisfactory a manner in the past. Considering the character of the contests, it is not necessary to devote the usual space to a description thereof. The record will be found below:

FOUR-OARED SHELLS.

Atalanta B. C., New York—W. J. Downs (bow), G. P. Seeley, H. McVicker, J. E. Eustis (stroke)..... 1
Carman B. A., Carmansville—J. Banks (bow), R. B. Saul, S. F. Knapp Jr., A. E. Mills (stroke)..... 2

The Atalantas had the best of the position of the start, and this advantage they retained, increasing it as they felt disposed, the Carmans assisting them to do so by steering a very bad course, the bowman taking them first to the right, then to the left, and so on, so that, instead of heading direct for the goal, all the while losing ground, which the repeated spurting of the men in red was powerless to regain. Considering that this water is familiar to the Carman oarsmen, whose boathouse is located but a short distance from the starting-point, the race was rowed up stream, with the wind), it was natural to suppose that they would preserve a tolerably straight track; but Banks seemed to lose his head entirely, and at the start came very near running his boat ashore on the Fort Lee shore of the island, although the latter was well out of the proper course of the boats. The Carmans are a plucky set of good oarsmen, and they fought gamely to turn the tide, but without avail, the Atalantas, who rowed in the following order—Coxswain Seeley, bow Eustis, and Downs, finally completing the distance with a lead of about four lengths. Time, 8m. 25 5-8s. After this race it was decided that all the other events should be rowed down stream, as originally intended, the water being much smoother in consequence of the wind against. The increasing force of the wind meeting the tide roughened the water still more, and the succeeding events were contested under greater difficulties than were experienced by the competitors in the first race.

COLLEGE FOUR-OARED RACE.

Columbia, New York—Charles Eldredge (bow), A. H. Van einderen, T. A. Painter (stroke)..... 1
Wesleyan, Middletown, Conn.—E. W. S. McDonald, E. Barnes, E. A. White (stroke)..... 2

They secured a good start after a long time had been allowed to elapse after the close of the preceding race, and for a mile or so had a most interesting contest, and seemingly anybody's race. Here, however, the good sense of the Columbias in having prepared for emergencies by having their shell fitted with washboards was made apparent; for, while the Wesleyan crew was loudly cheered by the crowds on shore, continually, very little water found its way into their craft. Consequently, when shortly after entering upon the last half-mile, the amount of water taken on board compelled the Eastern oarsmen to cease rowing, the Columbias had kept to his own water, giving Elliott a pretty wide berth; but after completing the first mile he passed over to the north and took the inshore course, and, by keeping close to the bank, and once more he made a great spurt, but Hanlan responded to it, and not only maintained but increased his lead, passing under the Suspension Bridge first by about four lengths of the river, the time being 6m. 28s. After the race Hanlan was taken in charge by Jas. Wilkinson, the well-known sculler, and towed to the foot of 130th street, where he remained during the short time occupied in pulling to the finish-line, over which Walters followed him, Lynch lapping the latter as they crossed, and the pair coming into collision and fouling, but not very much in the race with somebody else during the contest. A prolonged discussion was now in order, and at the end thereof the referee decided that the race should be rowed over by all but Pilkington, who was disqualified for fouling, between the 10th and 30th of the present month.

JUNIOR FOUR-OARED GIGS.

Columbia, Brooklyn—J. F. Boyd (bow), J. S. Stokes, C. W. Hall, H. DeVoe (stroke)..... 1
Resolute, Carmansville—J. Folsam (bow), W. Peet, M. G. Foster, H. Morse (stroke)..... 2
Argonauta, Carmansville—J. M. Duane (bow), W. E. Caldwell, W. Gwynne, C. B Gruno (stroke)..... 3
Pioneer B. C., Brooklyn—E. G. Smith (bow), C. Stillwell, Conover, A. Bailey, F. Freeman (stroke)..... 4
Carman R. A.—Wm Bell (bow), C. Terwilliger, J. Terwilliger, J. R. Wemple (stroke)..... 5
Nereus B. C., Flushing, L. I.—J. Ambree (bow), H. Parsons, J. Ambree, J. L. Bogert (stroke)..... 6
Nautilus B. C., Harlem—P. J. Cuskely (bow), M. Hunter, W. H. McIntosh, I. E. Rouse (stroke)..... 7

The Pioneers were the favorites before the start, within a short distance a thinning-out was caused by the Argonautas, Carmans, Pioneers and Nautilus swamping. This left the race to three crews, of whom the Resolute and Columbias had a severe struggle for first honors, the latter finally securing the lead just after passing the dock, and winning by a length. Immediately after crossing the line the winners sank, as did the Nereus before they had quite reached it. Like their opponents, who had received a ducking, by the early part of the race, they were rescued by the members of the force present. Time, 9min. 43⅗sec.

SENIOR SINGLE SCULLS.

James Pilkington, Jr., Greenpoint, L. I. 1
J. S. C. Wells, New York Athletic Club..... 2

With their shells nearly full of water, these men pulled an uninteresting race through, the seawanka representative holding the double in winning, so long as he could keep above water. He finished a long way ahead in 12m. 51⅖s.

PAIR-OARED SHELLS.

Atalanta B. C., Edward Hanlan (stroke)..... 1
Argonauta B. C., Edward Smith, Walter Man (stroke)..... 0

This was no race at all, as the Argonautas were in difficulties soon after starting, and were helped on board the Atalanta shell, before the Atalantas could make the course, they found it necessary to go ashore and empty the water out of their shell.

EIGHT-OARED SHELL RACE.

Resolute B. C., Carmansville—J. Folsom (bow), T. Peet, H. Morse, W. Peet, M. C. Foster, C. Knapp, F. D. Clark, A. Whitman (stroke)..... r. o.

The Columbia College crew were also entered, but, as the stroke, J. T. Goodwin, was unwell, they withdrew.

SIX-OARED GIG RACE.

Carman R. A.—D. De Long (bow), A. J. Keegan, J. Banks, R. B. Saul, S. F. Knapp Jr., A. E. Mills (stroke), G. C. Cushing (coxswain)..... 1
Dauntless B. C., Harlem—E. F. Reynord (bow), S. B. Hazard, S. B. Pomeroy, J. D. Freeman, H. W. Walters, D. Roach (stroke), J. C. Egerton (coxswain)..... 0
Ariel B. C., Newark—R. Ross Jr. (bow), J. Bennett, C. Bailey, F. Freeman, W. Mack, M. Gary (stroke), E. Slagg (coxswain)..... 0

The boats kept well together for three-quarters of a mile, the Carmans having the lead for nearly that distance, when they were passed in turn by the Ariels and Dauntless, and when near the mile-mark sank, and were thenceforth out of the race. The other two were having a fierce fight, and the Dauntless were gaining, when suddenly the Ariels settled in the water, and two strokes later down went the Dauntless also. While they were struggling in the water the Carmans had swum ashore with their boat, emptied her, and were now seen pulling over the course close in shore. They reached the goal all right, and were followed soon after by the Dauntless boys, whose claim of foul against the Carmans was not allowed, the race being given to the latter.

COURTNEY vs. ELLIOTT.

Anent the proposed match between Chas. E. Courtney and William Elliott, ex-champion of England, we find the following in the latest issue to hand of *The* (London) *Sporting Life*: "The following challenge has been issued: Charles E. Courtney of Union Springs, New York, will scull William Elliott of Blyth, ex-champion of England, a straightaway scullers' race, in best-and-best boats, over a four-miles course, for £400, the race to take place either at Saratoga or Oswego, New York, or Springfield, Massachusetts, Courtney will give Elliott £150 as expenses for the journey to America, and will allow him to name his own date for a match within a reasonable time. David Robertson of Newcastle-upon-Tyne has been authorized, on behalf of Courtney, to make a match according to this challenge, and the sporting editor of *The Newcastle Daily Journal* is empowered to post as a first deposit any sum ranging from £25 up to £200 on behalf of Courtney, and to draw up articles."

THE ANNUAL REGATTA of the Palisade Boat Club of Yonkers, N. Y., came off July 4. The water was rough and caused a great deal of trouble to the contestants, the single-scull race, for the Sarony medal, being declared off on that account. The first race was between the eight-oared barges Palisade and Resolute; won by the latter by three quarters of a length in 5m. 42s.; distance one mile. The second race was between the four-oared shells won by Forrest riot—here, July 4, aged 69.
YOUNG, Monroe—An ex-Mayor of Ellsworth, Me.—Trenton, Me., July 5.

THE HANLAN-ELLIOTT RACE.

As a matter of interest to our readers, we reprint the following account of the race between Edward Hanlan and William Elliott, published in *The Sporting Life:*

The attendance of spectators to witness the race was immense, far exceeding anything ever before seen on Tyneside. The banks of the river were crowded, and about a dozen thronged steamers were on the river. The Gateshead was the official boat, and in the bow stood Dr. Lake Armstrong, the referee, and among the passengers were a number of Canadians and people from the United States. On the occasion of the rowing of great races on the Tyne for some time past the water has not been in the best condition, caused by westerly winds, which ruffled the surface; and, to insure that the race should be rowed under favorable circumstances, it was stipulated in the articles that "the referee shall have power to postpone the match from day to day, should he consider that the state of wind and water will not permit the race to be rowed with fairness and safety to both parties." Fortunately, there was no necessity for that clause in the articles being put in force, for it was impossible to have had a finer day in all respects for a great aquatic struggle. The water was smooth, and both tide and wind were with the rower, though it is only fair to state that the tide was not running very fast. A quarter to twelve was the time appointed for the men to be in their boats, and prior to that time two steamboats had been moored opposite the Mansion House. According to the articles, the men were to start from the High Level Bridge; but at the meeting held on Friday night, for making the final deposit, it was mutually agreed that the men should, in order to allow space for steamers to get behind, start from opposite the Mansion House, in front of the High Level Bridge. A few minutes before noon Elliott put off from the Mansion House in his new skiff, the England, built especially for him by Mr. Jewitt of Dunston-on-Tyne, and he was accompanied by Mr. Taylor, formerly trainer and manager to Taylor, the mentor of the English champion, and who acted as pilot. A few minutes later Hanlan put off in the Neversink, built by Messrs. Searle & Wood, of Southwood, from the old landing-stage of Robert W. Boyd, at the Gateshead side of the river, and he also was accompanied by a number of friends, with John Bright in the bow to pilot him on his course. Elliott, when the match was made, backed himself for a level £100 with George Peel of Gateshead; but, finding perhaps that he could not get that risk so much money, Elliott expressed a desire to have the bet declared off. He rowed up to the referee's boat, and was informed that Mr. Peel consented to declare the bet off, and Elliott replied: "I am quite agreeable. I will take 3 to 1 I lead all the way." The pair took several spins on the river, and their efforts were much admired, though the preference was always more in favor of Hanlan. On shore, some time before the race, the betting was 2 to 1 on Hanlan. On board the referee's steamer 2 to 1 was laid at the start of the race or £300. At the time for starting got near the betting was at 7 to 4 on Hanlan, then the odds reduced to 6 to 4, and just before the start 5 to 4 was the price. The toss for choice of sides was won by Elliott, and he, of course, took the north side, which, however, gave him no advantage, except, perhaps, in making the bend beyond the Redheugh Bridge. Elliott, who weighed 156lb, stripped to the skin, and wore only a short pair of drawers, whilst Hanlan, who weighed 152lb, wore a sleeveless body-flannel in addition to his short drawers. It was impossible to see the muscular development of the Canadian, owing to his wearing the body-flannel; but, taking the appearance of his arms as an indication of the rest of his body, he must indeed have been in splendid condition. Elliott also was in excellent form, showing the thoroughness of his preparation. By a quarter past twelve o'clock they had taken up their positions at the stakeboats, and were ready for starting. Wee Elliott took the inside berth, but, as at the third attempt a start was made, The Canadian was quickest in getting to work, and the result was that he had secured the advantage of nearly a quarter of a length. He started in a steady, even style; but after taking three or four strokes he rather slackened, and Elliott, with two or three short, sharp strokes, drew level, and took a lead of two or three feet. Seeing their champion come forward and so quickly overhaul the Canadian caused the hopes of the Tynesiders to rise; but their delight was short-lived, as this was the only time Elliott held the lead in the struggle. In the next fifty yards Hanlan drew up level with the champion, and at the very outset of the race Swaddons' jetty he had taken a lead of a quarter of a length. To the dismay of the supporters of Elliott, it at once became evident that the Canadian was able to deal with him in almost the same style as he did with Hawdon last month; for, rowing in a fine, even style, Hanlan, before 500 yards were passed, had rowed in front of fully half a length. Hanlan rowed with perfect finish and ease, and used his legs and slide in such a manner as to give him great force in his strokes, causing his boat to travel at a high speed through the water. Elliott also rowed well, but lacked the finish and perfect ease shown by his opponent. At the start Elliott struck at the rate of 38 per minute, and put on more power when he could into his stroke; but it was all unavailing, as, at the end of 250yds., he was nearly one length in the rear of Hanlan. The exhibition of rowing by the Canadian fairly astonished Englishmen, who must naturally have been sorry to see their champion apparently so quickly beaten, but who could not help admiring the splendid work done by the Canadian. By the time the pair were off the Skinner Burn Hanlan had increased his lead to a length and a quarter, and at this point Hanlan was striking at the rate of 34 per minute, and Elliott 36, but the difference in the style of the two men was evident to the veriest pokers. Hanlan was not half so easy and finished fashion as to create the opinion that he was apparently not making any great effort, though certainly he must have been rowing so, as Elliott was working as hard as he possibly could. In going up alongside the Grindstone Quay Hanlan came in a little towards the north; but even this veering from the straight line of his course did not prevent him taking still further to his lead, and by the time the west end of the quay was reached he held a lead of two lengths. Elliott gamely persevered, but, on a tremendous spurt, which resulted in decreasing the gap between the two boats. He, however, could not sustain the spurt, and consequently fell back again to two lengths behind his opponent. A little farther on Hanlan turned his boat towards the south, and got out of his straight course, but he was quickly signaled back into the proper course by Bright, and when the boat straightened just before he passed under the Redheugh Bridge (half a mile from the start) with a lead of two lengths and a half, doing the distance in 2min. 26s. Elliott being six seconds later in passing under. At this time Hanlan was striking 34 per minute and Elliott 35. After entering the Bend Hanlan took another look astern, looked round over his shoulder at his leader, and then put on a great spurt, which he sustained for a while, and it resulted in his drawing on the Canadian, and halfway along the Low Elswick Lead Works he had reduced the lead to rather less than two lengths. The great effort could not be sustained, and, in fact, so much did the pace tell on him that he momentarily stopped. It was now evident that, despite the great physical strength for which Elliott is noted, he had met one more than his match, and the hopes of the Tynesiders died away altogether. At the west of the Lead Works Hanlan was leading by three lengths, and he maintained that lead as he passed the Chain Locker. At this time the Canadian, although rowing hard, was maintaining his finished and easy style of rowing. At this point Elliott was loudly cheered by the crowds on shore, and once more he made a great spurt, but Hanlan responded to it, and not only maintained but increased his lead, passing the Newcastle Arms with a lead of about four lengths. He maintained the same position at the end of the first mile, the time being 6min. 11⅘sec. All this while Hanlan had kept to his own water, giving Elliott a pretty wide berth; but after completing the first mile he passed over to the north and took the inshore course, and by keeping close to the bank, however, was too great for any ill effect to be experienced by Elliott from Hanlan's back-wash. Finding that he had now gained the first minute, and that the Canadian rowed down to 31 or 32 strokes per minute, whilst Elliott was working hard at 35 strokes per minute. By the time Dalley's Factory was reached Hanlan had increased his lead to five lengths, the time to this point being 7m. 40s. Hanlan now eased down to 30 strokes per minute, and continued sculling in an easy, finished style, but still making his boat travel fast. As the pair entered the channel between the north shore and the Meadows Hanlan kept glancing round at his course, and acting in the cool manner which so annoyed those who saw him defeat Hawdon, over the same course, last month. He continued to stroke 30 per minute, whilst Elliott maintained rapidly away from his man, and at the commencement of the last mile he had a lead of several lengths. He had eased down a notch or two to 30 in this minute, but he now dropped to 31, and he continued to lead, although Smith was working much harder than he, until he was within a half-dozen yards of the finish-line, when he suddenly ceased rowing, and allowed Smith to finish a winner, the latter being by a half-length. The time of the race was 21m. 58s. As several papers have stated that this is the fastest time on record, we would say that the statement is incorrect, the best recorded time for three miles being 20m. 54⅘s., made by C. E. Courtney. The friends of Morris are very much dissatisfied with the way in which the race was finished, and there is no wonder that they find it difficult to believe the explanation made by Morris.

THE ALBANY REGATTA.

The people of the law-making city up the Hudson had their regatta on "the Fourth," and appear to have enjoyed the well-contested events greatly, despite the torrid heat. Gold badges, provided by the City Fathers, rewarded the winners. The distance in all the races was a mile and a half, straightaway, and the water was in excellent condition. The first race, pair-oared shells, had for entries the Nautilus of New York and the Olympics of Albany, and was won by the latter in 9m. 5s. The second race, for single sculls, was a walk-over for the Olympic representative, Thomas Morris, Jr. The third race, for four-oared shells, had for entries the Mutuals and the Olympics of Albany. It was won by the Olympics, owing to a foul. The Mutuals had the race in their hands, but made the mistake of trying to pass the Olympics on the line—Mutuals, 8m. 57s.; Olympics, 9m. 14⅘s. The fourth race, double sculls, was contested by two crews from the Mutuals and one crew from the Olympics. The Olympic crew were victorious in 10m. 29⅘s. The fifth race, six-oared gigs, was a walk-over for the Olympics. Time, 10m. 7⅘s.

REGATTA AT JAMAICA POND, BOSTON, MASS.

A rowing regatta took place there July 4. The first race was for four-oared single-scull shells, a mile and a half. The entries were A. H. Bond, C. L. Hill, C. R. Pratt, H. G. Cushman and C. A. Rich. Bond led for about half the distance, when Rich came to the front and won in 10m. 56s.; Bond second in 6m. 31s.; Hill third and Pratt fourth. The next race was for pair-oared working boats, three-fourths of a mile, in which the following crews participated: F. A. Stephenson and F. W. Stockman, Guy Little and Russell Hyde, H. R. Tarbell and G. F. Woodman Jr., S. L. Hills and H. C. French. It was won by Stephenson and Stockman in five minutes and seconds behind Tarbell and partner, but were awarded the race on a foul. In the next race, for canoes, three-fourths of a mile, the entries were Fred Stockman, Jr., and Brookline; F. H. Richardson and Geo. W. Richardson, Jamaica. The latter two soon took the lead, and maintained it throughout, coming in the winners in 9m. 35s.; time of second, 10m. 22s. The most important race of the day was for four-oared shells, one and one-half miles, for which there were three entries, as follows: Geo. Clark (bow), F. H. Richardson, G. Cushman, C. Curtis (stroke); Brookline: F. L. Creesy (bow), B. Carnes, J. Mahan, C. D. Lyford (stroke), Brookline; C. H. Whittelsey (bow), G. F. Woodman, H. R. Tarbell (stroke), Jamaica. The Jamaica and Hill crew led all the way, winning by fifteen lengths, in 13m. 9s.; Cushman's crew were second.

THE MORRIS-SMITH RACE.—Eph Morris is said to feel very bad over the result of his recent match with Warren Smith, but still more so on account of the suspicions entertained regarding Smith's conduct in that affair. Says Eph: "Don't the time show that the race was a hard one? People must give me credit for being a little shrewd, and, if I intended to lose the race, it would not be at the finish, in the face and eyes of everybody. These people who cry 'Skin' are all wrong, and they will find, if they follow Smith, that my words are true. I tell you that Smith is a rower, and I have found it out. Riley did a good thing when he paid forfeit." He left Boston for Pittsburg July 5, and proposes taking part in all the big professional regattas this season.

THE NATIONAL REGATTA.—This, the most extensive and important amateur regatta ever held in America, takes place this week—July 9, 10, 11—on Saratoga Lake. The entries published last week aggregate nearly two hundred, and there will be very few high-class oarsmen who will not be found in one or more of the races, as nearly all sections of the United States and Canada, from Montreal to Texas, and Michigan to Virginia, are represented in the list of entries. The bosom of the lake is alive with oarsmen, and the deepest interest is manifested in the races between the cracks of the North, South, East and West.

THE PEOPLE OF WAKEFIELD, MASS., enjoyed a regatta at Lake Quanapowitt, July 4, the first race being for sailboats, with five entries. The Frank took first prize, Alice second. The next race was for double-scull lapstreak boats, with the following entries: Henry De Roach and Willis Wiley, T. Mulligan and D. Donovan, O. Corcoran and D. Daley, M. Foley and F. Rendel. Soon after the start Corcoran's oar broke. He, however, jumped overboard, and Daly towed the race home. Time, 14m. None. Was won by De Roach and Wiley; Mulligan and Duncan second.

JOHNNY HAMILL, the veteran oarsman of the City of Smoke, and brother of the late Jimmy Hamill, called in to see us last week, in company with Mr. Metcalf, having just returned from Silver Lake, from where, after confidently staking their money on Eph Morris

BRIGHTON BEACH RACES.

It is estimated that there were more than five thousand persons on the Brighton Beach Fair Grounds, Coney Island, on the Fourth of July, when were held the second day's races. The first contest was a three-quarter-mile dash, for $300, for which five started, viz., Bruce's Glenogie (102lb.), Ayres & Sutcliffe's Allevenr (113), Newman's W. I. Higgins (112), Jennings' Miss Malloy (103), and Jas. Keely's Bay Rum (109). The last was first to show in the lead; but at the half Glenogie was in front, and, though just before turning into the straight for home he was headed by Allevuer, it was only for a few moments, for he came again and won the race by two lengths; Allevuer second, Miss Malloy, Higgins and Bay Rum following in succession. Time, 1:23½..... A sweepstakes, $15 each, $400 added, a mile and a half, followed, having for starters Shylock (120lb), Loiterer (112), Ike Bonham (108), and Guy (95). Bonham, who was a non-favorite, was a length behind the others at the start, and remained in the rear, running a waiting race until they had passed the stand and were going around the upper turn, when he was brought forward, quickly disposing of his opponents, none of whom was dangerous after half the distance had been run, and won by a couple of lengths in 2.56. Shylock was second, Loiterer third, and Guy fourth..... A dash of one mile and an eighth, handicap, for all ages, $300, the second horse receiving $50, was next on the list, and produced as starters Allevuer (115lb), W. I. Higgins (117), Miss Malloy (107), and Lizzie D. (110). The last-named made the running at first, but was soon collared by Allevuer, who kept in front, winning an easy race by two lengths; Lizzie second, Malloy and Higgins making a dead heat for third place. Time, 2:10..... A handicap steeplechase, $500, second to receive $100, two miles and a half, was the final race of the day, and had five starters—Dandy (145lb.), Ventilator (137), Lizzie D. (130), and Brave Allie (120). Ventilator was the favorite, while Dandy, notwithstanding his five pounds of extra weight, had numerous confident friends. The latter was first to take the second jump, and was ever afterwards in front, Brave Allie being second for some time, and then giving place to Ventilator, who remained there until the end. In taking a wall Allie fell, throwing his rider and ending his share in the contest, which fell to Dandy by a length, Ventilator being ten lengths before Lizzie D., Pilot, who had behaved badly, frequently refusing a jump, a long way in the rear. Time, 5:06¾.

The same number of races were given on the second day, Saturday, July 5, when the attendance was smaller than on the day before, though still quite large, and the weather deliciously cool. Rain had fallen heavily the night previously, and its effect was to make the going bad, especially on the backstretch. The trouble began with a contest between Glenogie (93lb) and Loiterer (103), a dash of three quarters of a mile, $250, the second $50, the former of which made a hot favorite, but he had all he could do to win by a head, he being behind until the homestretch was reached, both jockeys brought steel and lash into use during the final struggle. Time, 1:32¼..... The succeeding event was a sweepstakes of $15 each, $400 added, second horse receiving $75, one mile and three-quarters, and had but three starters—Shylock (121lb), Ike Bonham (110), and Loiterer (118). Loiterer was first to leave the others, but at the end of a half-mile or so Shylock went ahead, was never challenged for the position, and passed under the string four lengths before Bonham, while Loiterer proved that he was appropriately named, as he was a long way behind at the finish. Time, 3:52½..... A mile dash, $300, the second horse to receive $50, brought to the post Lizzie D. (106lb), Guy (103), W. I. Higgins (119), and Miss Malloy (104). It was a gift for Lizzie, who finished two lengths before Guy, who was separated from Higgins fully three lengths, Miss Malloy four in rear of Higgins. Time, 2:12..... The battle of the hoofs was brought to a close with a hurdle race, one mile and a half, over eight hurdles, a half dozen taking part, and Dandy selling highest in the pools, but he finished second to Daligada, who had a genuine "pudding," and left off at least a dozen lengths ahead, Dandy being four in front of Pilot, who had three the better of Ventilator (144), Carver Jr. (136) fifth, and that of Bay Rum fell at the fourth hurdle, and was then taken to his stable. Time, 3:29½. There will be more racing on Saturday, July 12, and during the current week, the track and its surroundings will be improved.

CHESTER PARK RACES.

A large number of persons assisted at the opening of the Summer trotting meeting at this track, in Cincinnati, O., July 1, when weather and track were all that anybody could in reason ask for. The sport had never beaten 2:40, $1,000, divided, a dozen contending, the winner turning up in Castleton, who did the job in three straight heats, the time for which was 2:27¼, 2:23¾, 2:23¾. Bonner Boy was second and Ross Ellis third in each heat, while McCurdy's Hambletonian was fourth. Six of the starters were distanced. Horses that had never excelled 2:21 then struggled for $1,000, the biggest part of which was scooped by Lucille, Scott's Thomas taking second money, Alley third, and Dick Wright fourth. Time, 2:24, 2:23¾, 2:23¾. Upon resuming on the afternoon of the 2d, the first to display their speed were horses who had no record better than 2:34, of which nine came to the post, and did their best to secure the first crack at the purse of $1,000. The fortunate animal proved to be Will Cody, who walked off with the largest slice in three straight heats, Red Line taking second money, Billy Yazell third, and Bonnner Boy fourth. Time, 2:26¾, 2:27, 2:30. The second and last race of the day was for 2:27 horses, $1,000, eight starting owing to the call of the starter, and the race being much more interesting than the three preceding, as it was far better contested, Monarch Rule took the first heat, Alice West the second, and the three following were won by Brigadier. Jessie Hayes won fourth money. Time, 2:26, 2:26, 2:27, 2:29, 2:28¾..... The first race on the third day was for 2:30 horses, and seven heats were required to decide it. The first and second were won by Charley Ford, but he was distanced in the next; the third and fourth heats were taken by Big Soap, who won second money, the three following heats falling to Kate Middleton. Time, 2:28¾, 2:29, 2:31, 2:30¾, 2:28½, 2:30, 2:31. The last race was for all pacers, and was won in three heats by Sleepy Tom, Mattie Hunter being second in each, Rowdy Boy third, and Sweetzer fourth. Time, 2:17, when the first race was the 2:24 class, $1,000, five first heat had been taken by Post Boy, who secured second money. Dick Wright third, and Dictator fourth. Time, 2:23¾, 2:23¾, 2:23¾, 2:23¾. The final event was a trot between 2:18 horses, purse $1,000, which was an excellent race. The third, fourth and sixth heats were won by Hannis, the first and fifth and second money by Scott's Thomas, and the second heat and third money by Adelaide. Time, 2:25, 2:24, 2:25¼, 2:28¾, 2:26, 2:24.

THE CHICAGO RACES.

The postponed races of the closing day of the meeting at Chicago, Ill., were held on Monday, June 30, when there was a very perceptible falling-off in the attendance, as many persons were not able to remain over Sunday in the city. The first event was the Criterion Stakes, for two-year-olds, $50 entry, $500 added, one mile, which had seven starters. Grinstead's Mistake led at the start, and, though he was headed by Kimball before reaching the half-mile pole, he managed to capture the race by half a length; Victory second, a length in front of Kimball. Time, 1:45..... The second race was the Interocean Stake, for three-year-olds, $25 entrance, $600 added, one mile, for which five started, the first heat being easily taken by Buckner, but the next two falling to Keene Richards' share. Time, 1:43½, 1:46, 1:48½..... This was followed by a handicap for all ages, $350, a dash of two miles, which had five starters, of whom Blossom took the lead at the start, and was in front for nearly a mile and a half, when Edinburgh joined issue with her; but both were beaten by Glenmore, who, after making a waiting race, came to the front and won by nine inches, and won by three lengths quite easily, Checkmate was second and Blossom third. The closing event was a handicap for beaten horses, $300, a mile and a quarter. There were seven starters, and the first to show in the lead was Fresh Rice, who continued to head the lot until after passing the three-quarter pole, when the Sne Dougherty filly and Experiment spurt by him, and as they came up the homestretch the latter was in company with the other and won as she pleased by three lengths in 2:13¼. Cammie F. was second and Wah-ta-wah third.

COLONEL SELLERS has been sold by W. T. Hale of Newport, R. I., to Richard D. Hubbard of Hartford, Ct., the price paid being $1,000.

THE TRIGGER.

AT PLAINFIELD, N. J., on July 3, members of several State clubs competed for prizes. There were eleven entries for the Hazlet Cup, 500 yards, 15 scoring shots. The highest score was made by Captain Ludlow—61 out of a possible 75. The next was a sweepstakes, 200 yards, 10 scoring shots, standing or kneeling, which was won

CLIPPER SONGS
"OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, AND FOR THE PEOPLE."

Edward Hanlan.

BY GEORGE TAYLOR.

AIR—"*The Same Old Game.*"

I'll sing to you a song,
That will not keep you long,
Of an oarsman who has risen to renown;
Edward Hanlan is his name,
From Canada he came,
As successor of the famous (*late*) Geo. Brown.
Array'd in common clothes,
A fisher-boy he rose,
And often he was seen upon the bay;
But it was never thought,
The boy from whom they bought,
Would ever be a champion in his day.
Chorus.—But name the man you choose,
And send to him the news,
And bid him to select the time and place.
Give Hanlan honest show,
Wherever they may row,
And a trifle we will venture on the race.

No sculler's past career
In history is more clear
Than that of the brave Canadian boy;
The honors he has won,
And how the thing was done,
Has given him a name that ne'er will die;
With amateurs at first,
He never proved the worst,
But often showed himself to be the "boss."
When he a man became,
He took a higher aim,
Beating Plaisted, Morris, Courtney and Ross.
Chorus.—So name the man you choose, etc.

On the Tyne, just of late,
I scarcely need to state
How he defeated both of England's best;
John Hawdon came the first,
His money Hanlan pursed;
And then Elliott was beaten like the rest.
And now, with lots of gold
To comfort him when old,
When abilities for rowing have relax'd,
He lives upon the best,
Enjoying quiet rest,
And patiently awaiting for the next.
Chorus.—So name the man you choose, etc.

McKeesport, Pa., June 25, '79.

I'd a Happy Home in Dixie.

BY HARRY S. SARGENT.

I'd a happy home in Dixie 'fore the cruel war begun,
But dat sunny spot I ne'er shall see again;
And de old friends ob my childhood dey hab vanished one by one—
When I t'nk ob dem my heart am filled wid pain;
And de little ole log-cabin it am going to decay,
Whar I used to dwell so many years ago,
And my limbs am getting shaky, and I soon shall pass away
To dat better land dat's up above, I know.
Chorus.—For I'se gwine, gwine, gwine to dat happy land above,
And I hear de angels singing soft and low;
So I'll climb de golden stairway for to see de ones I love—
Dey am calling me, and dar I want to go.

But I'll ne'er forget old massa, for he was so good to me,
And I 'spec' dat I shall meet him up on high;
And I'll often think of missy, for she set dis darky free,
And I'll neet her in de sweet by and-bye.
And de colored population dey am waiting for me dar,
For dey know dat I will come 'fore many days;
And I'm longing for to meet dem in de golden realms afar,
To which the happy darkies sing dere praise.

Sweetly the Robins are Calling.

WORDS BY SAMUEL N. MITCHELL. MUSIC BY H. P. DANKS.

Sweetly the robins are calling
My dear little rosebud to me;
How softly their carols are falling,
How welcome their innocent glee!
My love in the cot o'er the meadow
Will catch the first echo, I know;
While I am awaiting her shadow,
That floats in the sun's golden glow.
Chorus.—Sweetly the robins are calling
My dear little rosebud to me;
How softly their carols are falling,
How welcome their innocent glee!

Sweetly the robins are calling
My dear little dove from her nest;
How gently their music is falling,
How merry each pretty redbreast;
My little one soon will be over
A ramble with me in the dell,
And through the bright daisies and clover
My heart's love to her I will tell.

Sweetly the robins are calling
My fond little darling to me;
How sweetly their music is falling
From some little nook in each tree!
My love will take heed to the warning,
She'll hasten to me with a kiss—
Her eyes just as bright as the morning,
Her face a sweet picture of bliss.

TWO NIGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ERNEST PIERSON,
The Author of "A Five-franc Piece," etc

A crash! The sound of some heavy body plunging into the darkness below. Silence! The cool night-wind blowing high in the air the dry tree-leaves. The moon, shining dimly in the heavens, breaks from a dark cloud and frames in with touches of light the dark-gray rocks surrounding the chasm, its overhanging fringe of bushes, of a straggling nature, seem trying to hide the danger concealed beneath. What a wild, weird scene! It is two hours past midnight. Morning is near. Watch that group of firs so clearly outlined against the sky. Something seems moving among them. Can it be a human being, in this wild scene of desolation? The shape approaches—a woman on horseback. She seems well acquainted with the place, alighting at the very verge of the gulch, and leading her horse by a circuitous path down into the darkness. She can hardly see now, until a torch is lit. It illumines to some extent her figure, clothed in half-Indian, half-mining costume—a woman on whose face dissipation has written its own story. A hard face it is—one to excite pity and sympathy for something forever lost. The way becomes steeper as she proceeds. The stones, detached from the earth by the horse in his descent, in falling awaken dead echoes, which vibrate from rock to rock until lost to sound. The bottom is reached at last, deep down in the earth. Far above can be seen only a small patch of blue, out of which the stars seem fading. The moon, now only a pale disc, is giving place to the coming sun, rays of reddish, golden light flushing the darkness of the night. The morning is breaking. As yet, however, no light has penetrated the darkness below. Light comes only from the torch the woman is bearing. In the shadows she stumbles over some object in her path. It is the body of a man, lying motionless, seemingly dead. A man dressed with evident taste, in what the miners call "store-clothes"—probably a prospector from the East. The woman kneels to examine more closely. In his hand, upon which no sign of labor can be seen, he clutches a letter. Torn and bleeding as he is, he clings to it. She holds the torch so she can see his face, paling as she looks. From the pale forehead a bright stream is flowing, caused by some cruel rock in his descent. It dyes the turf, forming a little pool at her feet. It is not at the sight of blood this woman quails! Beneath him lies a dead horse. Poor horse! But for him, that motionless form would be lifeless! She flashes the torch for some time across the man's face, muttering in a dazed sort of way:

"Harold! Can it be? Can he have come to seek me out in these wilds? No, no! He must hate and despise me now, and I—I hoped never to lay my eyes on him again."

She sees the letter in his grasp; perhaps it may afford some clue to his errand. The letter was addressed in a scrawling hand on a very dingy piece of paper. She reads the inscription by the light of the sputtering torch: "ywe medisin bil, shanti with hotel paintid on dore cuver, luky gulch." Inside the letter read:

pard yer no them yarbs as I left with yer thet the ole indian guv me to wurn off the feyvar well we got a durn fine gal hare from the states an has got that there feyver about the worst i ever see my one fer it an i reckon ef we kin git ruv tother day in the bus they say as how them tarnation rules yeast sent her here fur to get wel end no sooner hed they sot the nugget than she hatted up an tuk the feyver pard! shes allus reminded me o thet gal you and I hed a fite over et lanky Sams ranch the night on the hamhock saloon fer reezon as how her name was sloty well this uns got the same ony her last name aint Squaker hur ole mans called gorden—a likely teller enuf yer can bet hes just a spin to git over to yer ranch ez soon ez I git odatin him GEMMY THE DOKTAR deadwood city

The paper drops to the ground from her trembling hand. She staggers back, muttering hoarsely: "His wife!"

She stares again at the prostrate figure. She seems to hesitate between two emotions. She starts to go. The red stream in her forehead has increased; a few drops have stained her sleeve—his blood, her husband's blood! The sight seems to decide her. She bends over him, a new light is in her eyes. A sound coming from the stillness startles her. It is only the horse, which she has forgotten, sniffing at his dead fellow. She sees that something must be done. She tears open his vest and listens to the fitful palpitation of his heart! She tries to staunch the flow of blood, and in her rude way succeeds. Half dragging him, half supporting him, they near a small shanty or rancho of untrimmed pine. The horse gives a whinney of delight at the sight of it. Leaving the animal to feast on the rich grass, Meg throws open the door and peers in. Four walls, a couch of dried leaves and skins, with a few tree-trunks, about make up the interior. She places him upon the couch, and a slight flush flits over his face as she forces brandy between his lips, and chafes his benumbed hands, watching keenly his face, while life slowly returns. At last his eyes open, she is beside him, he murmurs a word, and that word is a name.

"Harold, Harold," she says in louder tone. She is kneeling now, and her whole face seems transfigured. "Harold, my husband!"

A pause. He looks in a bewildered way around the room.

"Dolly," he mutters, not heeding the woman at his side—"Dolly, where are you? Oh, my wife!"

The woman starts back as if stung at the name.

"Dolly!" she murmurs. "His wife! No, it can't be."

The words come from the couch:

"Oh, I forgot, she is ill. Before I can reach Lucky Gulch for help she may be dead!"

Harold strives wildly to rise, but falls back from weakness on the couch. As he does so his eyes meet those of the woman's bent full upon him. With a groan he recognizes her, and turns away as if to shut out some horrid dream. A pause, and then he speaks:

"What! you are not a shadow, not a dream? You are alive? My God! Do you know I have married a pure young girl, and found happiness once more? You ruined my life for years, and now you have come up again to blast it; but you cannot. You deserted me basely for a light love, wanton that you are! It is legal cause for divorce, and I will have it. Only if Dolly knew, poor child!"

The woman cowered before him. Her bold eyes fell.

"You are hard," she said, "but I deserve it. I have been vile enough—too vile to take a good woman's name on my lips; and yet, Harold—you will sneer at my words—I did love you—I did—yes, even when I went away with Stanton in a jealous rage——"

"Don't mention the villain who called himself my friend!" broke in the wounded man impetuously. "Go to him—live out your life—what have I to do with it, or with you?"

"He is dead," he said simply.

"Dead, is he? And the best thing he could do. When a man loses all sense of honor he can only die—nothing in the world becomes him like leaving it."

"I wish I had gone too," said Meg with a half sob.

"Have you not found other friends?" he asked in a hard tone.

Meg stared at him.

"I am low enough, but can you find it in your heart to talk like that? You did love me once—you see the wreck I have come to be—can you not forgive me when you see all I suffer? And besides," with hesitation, "I have saved your life—saved you for that woman who has taken my place."

Harold's eyes softened.

"So you have. I must thank you for that."

Meg dropped at the side of the rude couch.

"If you could say you forgive me—if I could earn your forgiveness in any way."

"Earn it, then, by helping me to go on," he said, trying to rise from the bed. "My wife may be dying now for the want of medicine."

He fell back helplessly, and groaned with pain.

"Harold," said Meg, holding her flask to his lips, "you cannot go; but I will. Would you forgive me then?"

Harold did not speak, but closed his eyes. A tide of memories swept over him—all the past—Meg's girlish beauty, her waywardness. She had always had a wild, untutored nature. Had he been altogether blameless? He opened his eyes to find the woman gone. On the rude table near her all of food and drink was placed. She had gone on a mission of love. She was not altogether evil, this woman who was a sinner. He had heard a sound like a groan, but had not heeded it. Now he knew it was the rude door turning on its hinges. As he remembered it, it came to him like the echo of a dying groan. He heard Meg mounting the winding path leading upwards. She was on her way to save his wife. His wife! What a sacrifice for such a woman to make! He felt now that this act of hers would atone for much, and heartily thanked God that she had been sent in the hour of great need.

He turned restlessly on his couch, thinking of his wife and child alone in Deadwood. Through the open window there came to him the sound of many birds, and it lulled him at last into a heavy sleep.

Meg reached the level sward at last, and mounted the horse she had been leading. Beneath her in the depth of the gulch she saw, tinged by the morning sun, the little hut that was her home.

"What are his thoughts now?" she muttered. "Are they kinder, or does he forget my very existence in thinking of his wife? I know what some women would have done. They would have gone to that delicate fine lady and killed her with the truth; but ah! Meg, you've not fallen as low as that?"

She turned her horse's head towards the south, and broke into a brisk canter. Bright was the morning, but to her it brought no gladness. She was too much occupied with her own thoughts.

"I'll reach Lucky by nightfall, and return in the night," she said, as she spurred on the horse.

All day Meg rode as if for life, pausing only at noon to snatch a moment's rest, then on, on! It was ten in the evening before she trotted her weary horse up the principal street of Lucky. She had often been there before, but on very different missions. To-day all seemed changed. The dirty gray tents, with gay signs portraying the pleasure to be found within, once so enticing, to-day seemed leering at her. A crowd of miners called out to her in bantering tones from a dirty tent bearing upon it a sign, in gay letters of gold, "Eldorado Dive." It had been a favorite resort of hers. In company with those low miners she had spent many an evening in seeming pleasure. All these thoughts came to her with a flood of memory now. A dull sense of shame for the past—an inward prayer, the first in many years—came involuntarily to her lips. A vague longing to break away from her old associations, to lead a new life, smote her. Soon they would be there, and well it was, for the horse gave signs of fatigue, but she forced him into a final gallop as they neared the tent she was in quest of. There it stood, with the bottle in flaming red brought out in relief by the light within. With a sigh of relief Meg sprang from the saddle, and threw the bridle to a shock-headed youth who stood sleepily eyeing her, and accepted the charge with a long-drawn yawn, followed by his disappearance. Meg lifted the grimy curtain serving as door, and entered.

"That you, Sam?" came to her in gruff tones from an object in the corner, which proved, on nearer approach, to be an old man sorting herbs.

"Not Sam this time, pard. It's nobody—ony Meg o' Dead Man's Gulch that's standing before you."

"What you doin' in these parts, Meg?" queried the old fellow, raising his eyes suspiciously towards her. "Lucky aint the safest o' places fur sech as you be, ever since thet row o' your'n at the 'Dorado,' when you settled fur that onery cuss from East. Should ha' thort ye would a-steered clear on us arter that fur the future, gal," said he, trimming the feeble light.

"I mean to steer clear o' ye, old man," said Meg, lapsing into miners' slang. "I'm goin to get ready fur to hand in my checks when I'm called on, and ye never know when that'll be, in the life we lead. I'm goin' East! There aint no use o' me tryin' to do better out here. There, Bill," she said solemnly, "I'm goin' to lead my new life."

"What, you? A new life? Well, this old un's good enough for me, if it would only last forever! They say as how no good ever comes to the likes o' us goin' East. Take my advice; them Easteners air a bad lot, all on 'em," saying which he took out an immense quid of "backer," cut off a piece with his "Arkansas Toothpick," and stowed it away in his cheek with evident satisfaction, shaking his head solemnly the while. Meg had no time now to listen to the old man's chatter.

"Bill," she said, coming forward, "here's some writin' for you from Jimmy o' Deadwood. I'm to take back the yarbs with me to-night. Read," and she handed him the dirty missive.

"From Jimmy o' Deadwood? It's queer on him fur to be writin' tu me. Suthin' must be up." The expression of his face changed as he said it. "That's the tune, is it? Well, gal, them 'ere's the yarbs," pointing in the direction of an old trunk in the last stages of decay. "They's sure tu fetch the young gal tu, ef she ken be fetched. My old woman was laid up bad with 'em, but yer can bet that fetched her round in no time," and the old man went off on a lengthy description of the virtues contained in the "yarbs."

Meg broke his garrulity by throwing up the curtain and passing impatiently out into the darkness. Seeing no more chance for conversation, Bill prepared to follow her. Her horse stood ready, fresh as ever, for an Indian mustang needs but little to recruit.

"Better not go to-night, gal," said the old man, expectorating violently. "I don't like the looks o' yander cloud," pointing to the dark mass of rain moving over their heads. It was in the far west then, no bigger than a man's hand, that cloud Meg had noticed in the morning; but it was now grown mighty in size. "It looks as how there mought be a storm. Better hitch up fur the night, and not resk it."

"No, no, pard; I must get to Deadwood to-night, or the woman may be dead," said Meg in a trembling voice, turning away her head. The ground seemed to swim.

"What's come on all a-suddenly?" broke in Bill's rough but kind voice. "Why, Meg, your a-tremblin'. Come, tell me—yer know I'm an old stand by o' yourn—what's a-troublin' yer."

And the old man brushed away a tear of sympathy that was trickling down his cheek. "This woman as is took she's a relation, I suppose, or yer would'nt be in such a durned hurry to get back. Well, that's right, Meg—stick tu yer relatives. Blood's allus thicker than water. Yer won't hitch up, then, fur the night, eh? Well, I hope as how that 'ere storm won't overtake yer, for I'll go an outer o' duer fur the night—agoin' to raise Cain when it does come, or may I never hand in my checks," and he shook his gray head ominously.

Meg gave back no answer, but vaulted into the saddle, and, waving a farewell, galloped out into the night. The tent town was one blaze of light now, and the many sounds of music and of dancing surged out into the darkness. How the old, wild impulses stirred fiercely in her heart! The world seemed a blank, all pleasure seemed gone from her sight. The horse soon carried her out of reach of the alluring revelry, and other thoughts came to her as they were alone in the darkness. A dark object was flying above her head as she rode, encircling her with shrill cries. It was only a bat, a dismal enough companion for the superstitious. Meg wondered—she was not free from a credulity in regarding bats as birds of ill omen, and life among the "Frisco" miners had only strengthened the belief. Her thoughts next turned to Harold awaiting her coming. Could he forgive her? Could he ever give her even a thought if she were to die for him? She seemed to see a picture imaged against the darkness of the night. A group around a sick-bed, upon which there lies a woman wasted by fever. Is she alive or dead? Has the healing come too late? She imagines Harold approaches. He might even think her kindness a deliberate plot to get rid of a rival. She urged on the goaded animal. The wind preceding the storm seemed to hurl at her its maledictions. The thunder, momentarily increasing, sounded to her distorted imagination like his curse.

It was an awful night to be alone in that wild region! The rain fell in torrents, drenching Meg to the skin. The lightning from time to time lit up in strong relief the rocks and hillocks that lay across her path. A prayer came to Meg's lips—a prayer of thanksgiving, as the lightning showed them rushing by the verge of a dark chasm.

"What a fearful night alone!"

Another hour's weary ride. They must be nearing the gulch they were aiming to reach. Had they been following the trail? By the next flash Meg intently watched the ground. The trail was washed out by the falling torrents! No landmark could be seen. Where were they! Could she ever reach Deadwood alive? The darkness deepened; she could not distinguish her horse's head as he plunged on. The lightning played on only at intervals. A pause came—came as if the elements were resting for a final crash. It came like a thunderbolt hurled to the earth by the gods. A stroke of lightning flashed down across her path, illumining it with flame. Brave as Meg was, she gave a cry of terror. The horse paused momentarily, and then staggered on. He seemed to have lost his sight, so wildly did he plunge from side to side. She strove to guide him by the reins, but her touch only seemed to madden him as he dashed on with headlong speed. Another deafening crash, and before her she saw an awful gulf! She knew it but too well, with its fringe of bushes and rocky sides.

"Dead Man's Gulch!"

She tried to turn her horse's head, to swerve him from his path, but he shook off her grasp as if a child's hand were trying to guide him. The thought flashed over her that the cause of his strange conduct was that the lightning had blinded him. Meg tried again to check his speed, throwing her arm around him in agony to force him back. Too late! She felt the ground sinking beneath her, she felt the overhanging bushes sweeping her as she passed crashing through them down into the darkness and space below. Meg shrieked aloud. Who was there to help her in that wild spot? High above the noise of the storm rose her last despairing cry. She strove as she passed to snatch at the cruel rocks with her bleeding hands. It was hard to die like this! Then came a dull, sickening thud—the sound of a heavy body hurled to the earth. Silence! Slowly the storm spent itself, the wind decreased, no remnant of the gale remained but swollen streams and trees despoiled of their foliage, and so the morning broke.

* * * * * * *

Harold turned uneasily on his couch. He had had a long, deep sleep, and his dreams had not been pleasant. He had fancied that his wife was dead, and awoke shuddering, a cold perspiration breaking out upon him. Hark! what sound was that? It was all quiet in the hut, while without raged a fearful storm. Was that a woman's shriek? No, only the whistling of the wind among the trees. Hark! something has fallen into the gorge, followed by an awful flash of lightning.

"Some loose rock, detached by the gale, has dropped into the gulch, or a buffalo, maddened by the storm," said Harold as an explanation, and he turned over and fell asleep again.

The storm soothed him like a lullaby. He awoke with the morning, feeling almost strong as he looked out through the little window on the rain-washed gulch; and, as he stood there, his thoughts reverted to Meg and all her sacrifice.

"By this time she will be nearing Deadwood," he said. "I'll start out and meet her."

He crawled weakly from his couch, his limbs stiff and sore, and the wound in his head paining him. He dragged himself wearily across the threshold, and lay a moment in the sun, drinking in the refreshing morning air. Could he ever reach Deadwood? He felt weak as a child as he crawled on. Something was lying motionless across the path. Harold crept towards it with a strange sensation in his heart, but dropped like a dead man when he saw what lay there. A dead woman, and by her side a dead horse! Her rude garments were soaked through with wet, and hung in close folds around her. Her grayish hair, loosened by the wind, fell in damp masses about her face. That face, so torn by the cruel rocks, could hardly be recognized. But the dress—ah! he knew that, and cried out:

"O Meg, poor Meg!"

A package in her hand arrested his attention. Taking it from the stiffened hand, he opened it. It bore on the label: "Jemmy the doktars feyver yarbs."

He understood all now. This poor creature that lay lifeless before him—this woman, once his wife—had laid down her life to save a rival's. Harold, as he stood there in that hour, felt the full force of the great sacrifice she had made for him. She who had lived so long among the lowest had raised herself by a noble expiation. Within that heart, now pulseless, some generous fire had burned. He called her name almost with tenderness, but no answer came. Oh, if he could but tell her how he felt her self-sacrifice, how he recognized the true tenderness that all her evil life had not killed!

The sun shone on, the choristers among the trees sang their sweetest. Nature was alive, awake; but it was all over with poor Meg. She would never see it all any more. A cry from above recalled him. A party of miners bearing a litter were descending the gulch.

"Pard, look up," said the spokesman, advancing towards Harold. "Don't yer know me—Ole Ben o' Deadwood? See! She would come out—said she'd die if we didn't fetch her to look arter yer. Blast me, ef it aint hot work! And I didn't no where in thunder yer war."

Rising, Harold looked around like one in a dream. "Ole Ben" stood near, pointing in the direction of the litter. A slender woman, pale as a white rose, lay upon it in a half-sitting, half-reclining position, while beside her was a little boy, with light hair and soft blue eyes.

"Papa," he cried, "where oo been all a time?"

"I'm better, Harold!" came the words. "Now that I've seen you, I feel almost strong again," and the pale face flushed with pleasure.

Harold led them away to Meg's hut at once. Not then could he tell her story to his wife; but days afterwards, when her grave had been made and roses had been planted above it by Harold's hand, he led Dolly there and told her all—save that the woman had been his wife.

THE RAVEN.

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door—
'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating:
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door—
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only words there spoken was the whispered word "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"

Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore—
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he,
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then, this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art surely no craven,
Ghastly, grim and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door—
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered: "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before"—

Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never, nevermore.'"

But, the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door—
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore.

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether tempter sent or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden it, within the distant Aiden,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

J. HOLLAND.

THE RAVEN,
As a Dutchman Saw It.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Vonce upon von midnite dreary, as I pondered, veak und weary,
Ofer many a glass uf lager vot I drank in days of yore,
In my bed I vos faschd nabbing, ven I dream I heert some dapping
As if somevon gently drowing brickbats at my voodshed door.
"Dis dot Snyder poy," I muttered, "trying to preak my voodshed door—
Only dis, und noding more."

Yah, disdinctly I remember it vos in dot pleak December,
Und each seberate dying ember von gone oud long before.
Dot nide I felt exceedingly, for lady lofer vent to Sarah,
Und of course I drank more lager as I nefer did pefore;
Bud schdill I know dot somedings schdruck my outside voodshed door—
Only dot, und noding more.

From oud mine bed I makes von jumb, und see vot vos dis drubble.
Mine Gott, vot makes mine legs so veak I feel so not pefore?
I scharce could valk, I could not talk, mine mind was in a muddle;
But I dought 'tvas Johny Snyder dryin' to open schud mine door,
Und mit cabbage-sdumps to hit me as he often dondd pefore—
Dis I said, und noding more.

Py-und-py I vos got praver, den I takes mine gun und saber
Und schdolv valks midout mine pants up to mine voodshed-door;
Und dare for von half hour I sdood mitout no power—
So veak I vos I could not lift mine hands up any more;
But at once I got mine holder, und I opened vide the door—
Plack as darkness, noding more.

Deep indo dot darkness peeping, all around mine voodshed creeping,
Dreaming dreams no Dutchman efer dare to dream pefore;
The silence vos unbroken und the sdillness gave no token,
But I hear somepody spoken: "You vill vare dem pants no more!"
"Vot is dot?" I cried, and someding answered back the vord: "No more!"—

Merely dis, und noding more.

Back indo my bedroom turning, all mine sole mitin me purning,
Den vonce more I heert a tapping, someding louder as pefore;
Now I vos oud: "Dunder vedder, vot the Devil ich the madder?
Surely dis aint Johny Snyder hitting cabbage mit mine door?
No! I dink dis cannot be, for I bet, by gimineez,
'Twas the vind, und noding more."

Oben here I flung mine vindow, ven dare all at vonce came indo
A ding-just like a big plack cat I never saw before;
Von vearful vink he gafe me, not von moment sdoped nor sdayed he—
His pack he humped und den he jumpded upon mine bedroom-door,
Where mine Sunday pants vos hanging just across mine bedroom door—
Dare he sat, und noding more.

The air den vos so funny, for it schmells no more like honey,
Und den I squvease mine nose hard until it vas quvide sore.
Den vonce I cried mit all my mide: "I vont to vare mine pants to-nide;
Und of you dink dot I vos dighd, chust chump down of dot floor."
Again I heard it gently say: "You'll vare dem pants no more."
Dis it said, und noding more.

"Profid," said I, "ding of efil, profid still if dorg or devil,
For vat you comes into mine house? I vant you here no more.
Leafe no ding here as a doken of dot he vich you hafe spoken—
You go home, I vas not joking, for I dole you vonce pefore.
Chust dake dot smell from out mine house, und jump down off mine door."

But it vinked, und said no more.

Now to all vot I have mention it payed no great attention,
Und den I vos got madder as I never vas pefore;
"Mine plood vas hot as polling, mine Sunday pants vas schpoiling
Around dot plack ding colling upon mine bedroom-door.
Den mit von vearful schroke I schruck, it fell down on the floor—
'Twas a schunk, und noding more.

J. J. HOLLAND.

THE FIRST ATTEMPTS AT FLYING.

An Italian abbot in 1510 tried to fly "from the walls of Stirling Castle to France," with the natural result of falling and breaking his thigh-bone.

A monk of Tubingen in 1617 made wings of parchment, and, leaping into the air from a tower, fell to the earth and died.

The first came the successful experiment of the Montgolfiers in 1782 with the fire-balloon, and people began quite commonly to believe that the navigation of the atmosphere might be accomplished.

Many ascents with fire and gas balloons followed, while the world grew more and more hopeful as it watched Zambeccari, Lunardi and Blanchard, the last named actually crossing the Channel in safety. But De Roziers and Romain, in returning this aerial visit, fell together near Boulogne, and were picked up mangled corpses.

A Venetian nobleman and his wife shortly afterwards perished in the same way, and the invention of the parachute beguiled several others to a dreadful death.

Garnerin came to grief with one in St. Pancras, injuring himself badly; and Sadler tumbled into the sea near Holyhead; while Madame Blanchard, ascending from Tivoli, in 1819, was killed by the combustion of her balloon from the fireworks attached to it.

Lieutenant Harris and the younger Sadler perished in 1824–5.

Cocking fell with a parachute, at Vauxhall, in 1837, and was smashed.

Then there was an Italian who went up from Copenhagen, and was found dead and shapeless on an island in the Baltic.

Lieutenant Gale, by bad management, was killed in 1850; and M. Poitevin, who was wont to ascend on the back of a horse, as also did his wife, was nearly drowned in the Mediterranean, near Malaga, and he succumbed afterwards to the sufferings inflicted on that occasion.

Vincent De Groof ventured once too often. The "Flying Man's" first ascent and descent in England were made in safety on Monday, June 29, 1874. Standing in his frail and ungainly machine, which was attached to a balloon that ascended from Cremorne, he detached himself when near Brandon, Essex, at a height of 1,000 feet., and descended quite easily, alighting before Mr. Simmons the balloonist, and helping to pull the balloon to the ground. It was to Mr. Simmons' credit that he refused to take the "Flying Man" with him on the date fixed for the second ascent, because the knot by which the machine was tied to the balloon became accidentally untied.

We may here state that M. De Groof's "flying machine" was constructed of cane and waterproof silk, and was an imitation of the bat's wing and the peacock's tail. The wings were 27ft. long from tip to tip by an average breadth of 4ft.; the tail, 18ft. by 3ft.—all three (the wings and tail) being shut into two hinged wooden frames. The upper surface was covered with prepared silk laced to each cane by countless strings, which were twisted and formed a small rope as they approached the wooden frame. In the centre of these hinged frames was an upright wooden stand, about 12ft. high, to which were attached the wings and tail. Upon this stand M. De Groof placed himself, and, by means of three levers, worked both wings and tail, his power of propulsion being increased by a corded seat attached to the levers, which acted somewhat on the principle of the body. The fatal descent of "the flying-man" took place on Thursday evening, July 9, 1874. As before, the "flying-machine," with De Groof in it, was attached to the car of the Czar balloon, Mr. Joseph Simmons being again the balloonist. The ascent from Cremorne Gardens, about 7.30, was witnessed by a large number of people. Mr. Simmons (who had made 150 balloon ascents) said at the inquest that the balloon went to a height of about 4,000ft. immediately over the Thames. Then De Groof began to make the request, which he had made at starting, that he should be within 900ft. from the surface of the earth for the purposes of detachment. "We hovered backwards and forwards (said Mr. Simmons) for the space of about a quarter of an hour in this neighborhood, within an altitude of from 600ft. to 1,600ft., and about every ten seconds De Groof called out the register of the height by his barometer to see if it agreed with mine. I spoke to him in German at those times, responding as to the reading of my barometer. Whenever we were within the distance of 1,000ft. he would read it more rapidly than when we were above that elevation. He called several times between the height of 300ft and 400ft. I heard voices at that height of several people, and some said: 'Go on! Go on!' but it was not the voice of De Groof. About the same moment I heard him say in German: 'Drei hundert fusse' (300ft.); and these were his last words. It must have been at the same moment that I felt a jerk as if he had fallen on one side of the triangle and knocked the machine on one side; and before the lapse of another second I saw him fall head first through the air, going in a slanting direction, and I think he touched one of the houses in Robert street. I was looking over the edge of the car, and the last I remember was when I came to myself over Victoria Park, as I had been insensible."

We may add that near St. Luke's Church the balloon came within 200 feet of the ground, and De Groof waved his hands and evidently got ready to fly. Within 50 yards of the tower of the church, and about 100 feet from the ground, he released himself from the rope; but the wings closed tightly round him, and he fell into Robert street, Chelsea, with frightful force. Death must have been instantaneous. The poor fellow was a native of Belgium, a surveyor and architect, and thirty-five years of age.

A PEDESTRIAN BRICK.—"Look here," said one Gannon, a real-estate agent of San Francisco, to one Hussey, who was complaining of hard times, "if the new Constitution is adopted, and you don't get a job, I'll hire you at $2.50 a day." "What to do?" "Light work." "Well, what is it?" "You know what a brick is, don't you?" "Yes." "Well, I'll give you $2.50 a day to pack one brick from one side of Clay street to the other nine hours a day, with one hour for lunch, or you can stand still on the corner and hold it during that time." "How long will you pay the wages?" "As long as you can hold out." "Done." The new Constitution was adopted, and Hussey has held Gannon to his bargain. Day after day crowds of people gather on Clay street to gaze upon a man trudging from one side of the street to the other with a brick in his hand. He says it is monotonous work, but "there is nothing disgraceful about it." He walks in this manner about twenty-five miles a day.

CRICKET.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—To correspondents who report sporting matters only a card of a LIGHT-BLUE COLOR, having printed diagonally across its face in RED INK "*For Sporting News Only*," and otherwise precisely like the credentials recently held by our amusement correspondents, will be issued. These will bear date of March 1, 1879, and be good for eight months, expiring Nov. 1. They will not be good for admission to theatres or other like places of amusement.

BALTIMORE vs. CHESTNUT HILL.

The Baltimore cricketers had some excellent practice in Philadelphia last week, and, though they sustained defeat in their games with the Germantown, Young America and Chestnut Hill elevens, they gained considerable by the excellent practice they gave their team. Their last match of the three was that with the Chestnut Hill Club, played July 4, the result being a victory for the home-team, with nine wickets to fall. The Baltimores went first to the bat and retired for 63, but two of the batsmen, Perot and Carey, obtaining double figures. It was a small but a fairly-made score, the bowling of T. C. Patterson and Borie being really first-class, while they were not by any means well backed up by the field. When Butcher and Ralston had 22 for the home-eleven matters began to shape themselves for a

BASEBALL.

CINCINNATI vs. CHICAGO.

The postponed championship game between the above-named clubs was played at Chicago, Ill., on July 1, in the presence of about 2,000 people. The Cincinnatis took the lead at the start, and maintained it throughout, the Chicago's only spurt at the bat being made in the sixth inning. Jim White reappeared in his old position as catcher in this game, which was commenced by the Cincinnatis getting three runs on Hotaling's two-baser, Kelley and Jim White's singles, and Quest's bad error. Hotaling made another run for the Cincinnatis in the second inning, giving them a long lead at the outset. The Chicagos scored their first run in the fourth inning on Williamson's three-baser and Anson's out, and added four more on four safe hits and an equal number of errors in the sixth inning; the Cincinnatis in the same inning scoring two runs on base hits by Foley and Will White and passed balls, and increasing their lead in the next inning. Barnes getting his first on called balls and being assisted home by Flint's errors. Hotaling deserves mention for his fine batting, base-running and fielding.

CINCINNATI.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	CHICAGO.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Hotalling, c.f.	5	2	2	4	1	0	Flint, c.	5	1	1	4	1	0
Barnes, s. s.	5	1	1	1	3	2	Peters, s. s.	5	1	1	4	2	0
J. White, c.	5	1	1	7	1	0	Willia'son,3b	4	2	2	1	3	1
Kelley, r. f.	5	1	3	1	2	0	Anson, 1st b.	4	1	2	11	0	0
McGuin's, 1b	5	1	4	11	0	1	Brouthers,2b	4	0	0	2	5	0
McCormick, p.	5	0	1	0	5	0	Caskins, s. s.	6	0	1	0	4	0
Richm'nd,c.f	5	2	2	6	0	0	Evans, r. f.	5	0	0	3	0	1
Holbert, c.	5	0	1	5	0	0	Bradley, p.	5	1	2	1	2	0
Macullar, 3b.	5	0	2	4	4	3	Hawkes, 2d b	5	1	2	3	3	0
Mansell, l. f.	5	0	1	5	0	1	Reilly, c.	5	2	1	5	1	2
Totals	46	6	14	33	12	14	Totals	38	5	9	27	15	4
Cincinnati	3	1	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	7
Chicago	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	1	0	0	0	1	5

Earned runs—Cincinnati, 2; Chicago, 2. Two-base hits—Williamson, Hotaling and McVey. Three-base hits—Williamson. First base on balls—Chicago, 2; Cincinnati, 1. First base on errors—Cincinnati, 3; Chicago, 2. Struck out—Chicago, 1; Cincinnati, 2. Passed balls—White, 3; Flint, 4. Wild pitch—W. White. Umpire, McLean. Time, 2h. 45m.

CLEVELAND vs. BUFFALO.

The above-named nines played their fourth championship game on June 30 at Cleveland, O., attracting about 1,200 spectators. The Clevelands led off with one run on Glasscock and Gilligan's safe hits and Hornung's fumble, and the Buffalos tied the score in the sixth inning on singles by Richardson and Walker, and an error of Eden's. The winning run was made by the Clevelands in the seventh inning by Carey, assisted by a sacrifice-hit, a wild pitch, and Allen's third safe hit. The Buffalos outbatted the home-nine, but their hits were scattered. Allen's batting and fielding were remarkably good, a catch of a liner in the sixth inning preventing the scoring of two runs. Force and Fulmer did the best fielding for the visitors, the former making a beautiful one-handed catch.

CLEVELAND.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	BUFFALO.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Phillips, lb.	4	0	1	0	1	1	Crowley, c.	5	0	0	1	0	1
Eden, f.	4	0	0	0	0	1	Force, s. s.	5	0	0	1	4	1
Glasscock, 2b	4	1	2	2	1	1	Clapp, r. f.	5	0	0	2	3	0
Gilligan, c.	4	0	2	2	2	2	Rich'dson,3b	4	1	2	2	2	0
Carey, s. s.	4	1	1	0	4	0	Eggler, c. f.	4	0	2	0	0	0
Warner, l. f.	4	0	0	4	0	0	Walker, 1st b	4	1	1	12	0	0
Gardner, 1st b.	4	0	1	12	0	0	Richter, c.	4	0	0	7	2	0
Irwin, s. s.	4	0	1	2	2	0	Reipe'ger, c.	3	0	0	5	3	3
Bushong, c.	4	0	2	9	0	1	Reidy, 2d b.	3	0	1	2	7	0
Brady, 2d b.	4	0	0	0	5	0	Kent, p.	3	0	1	0	1	0
							Galvin, p.	3	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	41	2	10	33	15	7	Totals	38	2	7	27	24	3
Cleveland	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—2
Buffalo	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—2

Earned runs—None. Two-base hits—Glasscock, Clapp, Galvin, Richardson. First base on errors—Each 1. Double-plays—Buffalo, 2. Passed ball—Gilligan, 1. Wild pitch—Galvin, 1. Umpire, Gillean. Time, 1h. 45m.

SYRACUSE vs. TROY.

The fifth game between the Troy Citys and the Stars was played on July 1 at Syracuse, N. Y., and resulted in an eleven-inning contest of the most exciting description. The Stars, after allowing the visitors to outplay them throughout the ordinary nine innings, rallied at the finish, and won amidst tremendous applause. The score stood a tie at 2 each until the eleventh inning, when errors by Purcell, Farrell and Holbert, and safe hits by Hawkes and Reilly, gave the Troys three runs. The Stars then came in and batted Bradley for five safe hits, which, added by errors of Evans, Brouthers, Bradley and Reilly, yielded four runs, and won the game, with the score as follows:

STAR.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	TROY CITY.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Farrell, 2d b	6	0	2	0	6	2	Mansell, l. f.	6	1	0	2	0	0
Dorgan, 3d b	6	0	1	2	0	0	Hall, c.	6	0	2	5	0	1
Purcell, r. f.	5	0	1	1	2	0	Brouthers,1b	6	0	2	5	0	1
McGuin's, 1b	5	1	4	11	0	1	Caskins, s. s.	6	0	1	0	4	0
McCormick, p.	5	0	1	0	5	0	Evans, r. f.	5	0	0	3	1	1
Richm'nd,c.f	5	2	2	6	0	0	Doescher, 3b	5	0	1	1	1	1
Holbert, c.	5	0	1	5	0	0	Bradley, p.	5	1	2	1	2	3
Macullar, 3b.	5	1	2	4	4	3	Hawkes, 2d b	5	1	2	3	3	0
Mansell, l. f.	5	0	1	5	0	1	Reilly, c.	5	2	1	5	1	2
Totals	46	4	14	33	12	14	Totals	49	5	10	33	20	8
Star	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—2
Troy City	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	1—4

Run earned—Troy, 1. Two-base hits—Richmond, Bradley. First base on balls—Caskins. First base on errors—Star, 2; Troy, 8. Struck out—Star, 5. Double-plays—Macullar and McGuinness, 2; Evans and Hawkes. Passed balls—Reilly, 2. Wild pitches—McCormick, 1; Bradley, 2. Umpire, Charles Daniels of Hartford. Time, 2h. 45m.

WORCESTER vs. NEW BEDFORD.

The Worcesters and New Bedfords met for the fifth time on June 30 at New Bedford, Mass., and the result was an overwhelming victory for the visitors, who outplayed their opponents at every point. Richmond's pitching puzzled the New Bedfords, while Kent was hit hard by the Worcesters, Irwin making a clean home-run, Gardner a three-baser, while Knight and Richmond were credited with two-basers. The game was closely contested the first seven innings, the Worcesters batting unusually well at the finish.

WORCESTER.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	N. BEDFORD.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Bennett, c. f.	5	1	1	1	0	0	Stovey, 1st b.	4	0	1	6	1	0
Knight, r. f.	5	3	3	3	4	1	0	Roseman, r. f.	4	0	0	1	1	1
Richmond, p.	5	2	2	2	11	0	Muldoon, 3b.	4	1	2	0	4	1
Whitney, 3b.	5	2	1	2	0	1	0	Wright, s. s.	4	0	0	2	3	0
Sullivan, lb.	5	1	0	14	0	0	Piggott, c. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Gardner, l. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0	Reipe'ger, c.	3	0	0	5	3	3
Irwin, s. s.	4	1	0	2	0	2	Reidy, 2d b.	3	0	0	2	7	0
Bushong, c.	4	0	2	9	0	1	Kent, p.	3	0	1	0	1	0
Brady, 2d b.	4	0	0	0	5	0	Brady, 2d b.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	41	9	12	27	19	1	Totals	31	1	5	27	28	14
Worcester	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	5	2	0	0	0	1—9
New Bedford	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

Earned runs—Worcester, 5. Two-base hits—Knight, Richmond, Stovey, Muldoon. Three-base hit—Gardner. Home-run—Irwin. First base on balls—Knight. First base on errors—Worcester, 4. Double-plays—Wright, Brody and Stovey. Passed balls—Bushong, 1; Reipschlager, 2. Wild pitches—Kent, 4. Umpire, George B. Richmond Jr., New Bedford. Time, 2h. 17m.

MOHAWK vs. RAVEN.

An Eleven-inning Game.

The Mohawk Browns and Ravens of Cincinnati played a remarkable game in that city on June 29, neither nine scoring for ten consecutive innings. In the eleventh inning the Browns scored three runs on a single by Williams, a two-bagger by Merney, and wild throws by Klein and Kappel, and thus won.

BROWN.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	RAVEN.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Deagle, r. f.	5	1	1	0	0	0	Stafford, c. f.	5	0	1	2	0	0
Merney, 3d b	5	1	2	1	4	0	Everson, 2b.	5	0	1	5	4	0
Smith, 1st b.	5	0	0	14	0	0	Kappel, c.	5	0	1	11	2	0
Carey, c. f.	5	0	1	1	0	0	Marley, l. f.	5	0	2	1	2	0
Ewing, 2d b.	4	0	0	0	4	0	Hungler, p.	5	0	0	0	11	0
Oehler, s. s.	4	0	1	0	1	0	Irwin, 1st b.	4	0	0	13	0	0
Meyers, c.	4	0	1	6	2	0	Hocker, 3d b	4	0	1	1	2	1
Putney, r. f.	4	0	0	2	0	0	Klein, s. s.	4	0	1	0	7	2
Williams, p.	4	1	1	1	8	0	Curtner, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	40	3	7	33	17	1	Totals	42	0	8	33	27	5
Brown	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3—3
Raven	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Run earned—Brown, 1. Two-base hit—Merney, 1. First base on errors—Brown, 2; Raven, 1. First base on called balls—Raven, 2. Struck out—Brown, 9; Raven, 5. Passed balls—Meyers, 2; Kappel, 3. Umpire, Jas Lally of Cincinnati. Time, 2h. 50m.

ALBANY vs. FLOUR CITY.

The above-named nines played at Rochester, N. Y., on June 30, in the presence of a large assemblage. The Flour Citys played Smiley at third base instead of Schafer, and the former's poor fielding at critical points was very damaging. The home-team jumped off with a lead of five runs, all made in the first inning, but they failed to score afterwards, and the Albanys, in the fifth inning, overcoming this long lead, finally won easily, as follows:

ALBANY.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	FLOUR CITY.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Burns, 2d b.	6	3	3	2	3	0	Higham, r. f.	4	1	2	0	1	0
Dunlap, 2b.	6	2	3	5	2	1	Manning, l. f.	4	1	1	2	0	0
Hanlon, l. f.	5	0	1	1	0	0	Leonard, s. s.	4	1	2	3	5	1
Thomas, c. f.	5	2	2	1	0	0	Lewis, 2b.	4	1	2	5	2	1
Tobin, 1st b.	5	1	0	15	1	0	Murnan, c. f.	4	1	2	1	0	0
Say, s. s.	5	1	3	1	6	0	McClure, c.	4	1	1	4	2	0
Rocap, r. f.	5	2	0	2	0	0	Corey, p.	4	0	0	1	3	4
Keenan, c.	5	0	2	7	2	0	Bradley, lb.	4	0	0	10	1	0
Critchley, p.	5	0	0	0	3	1	Smiley, 3b.	4	0	1	0	1	2
Totals	47	12	14	27	16	3	Totals	36	5	9	27	17	9
Albany	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—5
Flour City	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—5

First base on errors—Flour City, 3; Albany, 5. Bases on called balls—Corey, 1; Tobin, 1; Keenan, 1. Double-plays—Keenan, Dunlap and Tobin. Wild pitch—Corey, 1. Passed ball—McClure, 1. Umpire, John Glenn.

NATIONAL vs. UTICA.

The fifth championship game between the Nationals and Uticas was played at Utica, N. Y., on June 30, and resulted in a victory for the visitors, who won by bunching their hits together, and were aided by their opponents' fielding errors in the eighth inning. McClellan and Mack led in batting for their respective clubs, the latter also playing finely at first base, vice McGuinness, released. Lynch pitched very effectively for the Nationals.

NATIONAL.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	UTICA.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Elliott, 3d b.	5	1	1	0	2	0	Mack, 1st b.	4	0	3	10	0	1
McClellan, ss	4	1	3	0	4	0	Dailey, s. s.	4	0	1	0	2	3
Tierney, 2d b	4	1	1	1	3	0	Dinnen, 2d b	4	0	1	1	3	0
Baker, c. f.	4	0	0	0	2	0	Battin, 3d b.	4	0	0	4	4	0
Meyerle, lb.	4	0	1	11	1	0	Remsen, c. f.	4	1	0	3	0	1
Derby, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	Kennedy, l.f.	3	0	1	1	0	0
Lynch, p.	4	0	1	1	5	0	Dolan, c.	3	0	0	3	2	1
Booth, l. f.	4	0	1	1	1	1	Roach, r. f.	3	0	0	1	0	2
Trott, c.	4	2	0	7	2	3	Keefe, p.	3	0	0	1	2	1
Totals	37	5	8	27	18	4	Totals	32	1	4	27	13	8
National	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	0—5
Utica	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

Two-base hits—McClellan, Mack. First base on balls—Trott. First base on errors—National, 5; Utica, 3. Double-plays—Baker and Trott, Battin, Dinnen and Mack. Passed ball—Trott, 1. Umpire, R. B. Finch of Troy. Time, 2h. 40m.

SPRINGFIELD vs. MANCHESTER.

The third championship game between the Springfields and Manchesters was played on June 30 at Springfield, Mass., and was more closely contested than the two preceding games. Both nines fielded finely, the Springfields slightly excelling in batting, and thereby winning. A feature deserving of notice was a beautiful triple-play by Crane, Latham, and Dunnigan.

MANCH'TER.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	SPRING'LD.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Cogswell, lb.	4	1	1	12	1	0	Cassidy, s. s.	4	1	2	1	0	0
Wood, c. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0	O'Leary, l. f.	4	0	1	6	0	0
Leary, p.	4	0	1	0	7	1	Latham, lb.	4	0	0	6	1	0
Rowen, c.	4	0	0	6	3	0	Pike, c. f.	4	0	0	4	0	0
Woodh'd,ss	4	0	0	1	4	0	Smith, 3d b.	4	1	1	1	2	0
Shattuck,r.f.	3	1	0	0	1	0	Crane, 2d b.	4	0	1	0	3	0
Tipper, l. f.	3	0	1	2	1	0	Golds'h,r.f.,p	4	0	0	1	3	0
Morrissey,3b	3	0	1	1	1	0	Dunnigan, c.	3	0	0	7	0	2
Sweasey,2d b	3	0	1	3	5	2							
Totals	32	2	6	27	22	4	Totals	35	3	7	27	15	6
Springfield	1	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—3
Manchester	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Earned run—Springfield, 1. Two base hit—Pike. First base on balls—Latham. First base on errors—Manchester 1; Springfield, 1. Triple-play—Latham, Crane and Dunnigan. Passed balls—Dunnigan, 2. Wild pitches—Leary, 1; Corcoran, 2. Umpire, Phil Powers. Time, 2h. 5m.

ALASKA vs. WITOKA.

The match on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, on July 1, between the above clubs, resulted as below. The Witokas played better than in any previous game this season.

WITOKA.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	ALASKA.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Maitland, c.	1	2	8	1	4	Smith, 1st b.	2	1	13	0	0
Quinn, c. f.	0	1	1	1	0	Sullivan, l. f.	2	1	3	1	1
Shannon, 3d b	0	1	1	2	2	Bannon, p.	1	0	1	2	1
Barrett, l. f.	1	0	1	0	0	Kessler, 3d b.	1	0	0	4	2
McCord, 1st b.	1	1	12	0	0	Ricker, 2d b.	0	0	0	3	1
Barrow, s. s.	1	0	2	0	1	Schaffer, c.	0	0	4	7	0
Brice, p.	0	0	0	1	1	Dempsey, s. s.	1	0	1	1	1
Tanner, 3d b.	1	0	2	2	1	Dooley, c. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Ibert, r. f.	1	0	0	1	2	O'Neil, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	6	5	27	6	12	Totals	7	2	27	11	11
Witoka	1	3	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0—6
Alaska	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	1—7

Runs earned—Witoka, 1; Alaska, 0. Umpire, Mr. Clinton of Jersey City. Time, 1h. 30m.

THE COLLEGE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Yale University nine closed their championship season on June 28, and below we give the club's record for the season:

April 11, Yale vs. Springfield	2 to 6
April 12, Yale vs. Holyoke	10 14
April 23, Yale vs. Monitor	20 2
April 30, Yale vs. Springfield	1 2
May 3, Yale vs. Princeton	13 8
May 7, Yale vs. Atlantic	13 11
May 10, Yale vs. Harvard	11 5
May 14, Yale vs. Holyoke	10 6
May 17, Yale vs. Harvard	5 1
May 24, Yale vs. Amherst	0 2
May 30, Yale vs. Brown	15 1
May 31, Yale vs. Princeton	2 0
June 5, Yale vs. Jersey City	3 0
June 7, Yale vs. Springfield	0 1
June 9, Yale vs. Brown	5 19
June 11, Yale vs. Providence	2 3
June 13, Yale vs. Holyoke	10 6
June 14, Yale vs. Utica	2 8
June 19, Yale vs. Worcester	1 2
June 20, Yale vs. Springfield	0 3
June 21, Yale vs. Amherst	0 8
June 23, Yale vs. Harvard	10 4
June 25, Yale vs. Harvard	9 7
June 28, Yale vs. Harvard	3 5
	4 9

It will be seen that Yale was defeated nine times by professional nines, and won only three such games. The championship record, according to Yale counting, is as follows:

	Yale.	Brown.	Harvard.	Harvard.	Princeton.	Dartmouth.	Amherst.	Won.	Played.	Per cent.
Yale	..	2	2	2	0	0	2	8	11	.73
Brown	1	..	..	..	1	0	2	5	8	.63
Harvard	1	..	..	1	1	1	1	6	11	.55
Princeton	3	0	..	..	1	1	1	6	11	.55
Dartmouth	0	1	1	0	..	0	1	3	4	.25
Amherst	0	0	1	0	0	..	1	1	4	.50
Games lost	4	3	6	3	1	1	6	23		

It is a curious fact that Harvard and Yale have both made 27 runs in their series together this season.

The following table gives the record of each player on the Yale nine. Considering that so many professional teams have played against the club, the averages are high:

THE PLAYERS' RECORDS.

	Games.	At B. H.	Runs.	Errors.	Errors per Game	B. H. per Game
3 Parker, '80, 3d b	24	27	40	13	1.13	.54
5 Hutchison, '80, s. s.	24	24	34	22	1.00	.92
6 Lamb, '81, p.	24	22	36	28	.92	1.17
8 Ripley, P. G., r. f.	24	21	36	8	.88	.33
10 Walden, '81, 2d b	24	17	17	24	.70	1.00
7 Hopkins, '81, 1st b	23	21	23	14	.91	.61
9 Clark, '80, c. f.	21	18	22	12	.82	.57
11 Camp, '80, l. f.	22	15	27	5	.68	.22
4 Watson, '81, S., c.	12	13	17	39	1.08	3.25
13 Smith, '80, M. S., c.	8	5	5	26	.62	3.25
12 Stanton, '81, S., c.	3	2	2	11	.66	3.66
1 Ives, '81, c.	2	2	6	6	3.00	2.00
5 Booth, '79, S., c.	1	1	1	7	1.00	7.00
1 Wilson, '79, C. f.	1	0	0	0	.00	.00
2 Platt, '82, S., c. f.	1	2	2	3	3.00	6.00
Total		207	261	213		
Total by opponents		170	216	235		

The Yales claim the championship, as will be seen by the appended letter from a Yale collegian, who says: "In regard to the championship, why is it that the Yales are not the champions of 1879? I believe that in the League and National Association the championship is decided by the number of games won. In that case Yale has the championship, inasmuch as she has won eight out of twelve games played. Her nearest opponent is Harvard, who has won six out of thirteen games. Harvard in reality has played fourteen, but her tie game with Princeton I count as no game, according to League rules. If the championship be decided by the number of series won, it would also belong to Yale, for, out of four series played, she won three to wit: Amherst, Brown and Princeton, and lost only that with Harvard. Harvard has only won two out of five series, viz., those with Dartmouth and Yale. She lost her series with Brown, and the series with Amherst and Princeton resulted in ties. It is quite true that there is no college national association to decide the point; but in former years, before college nines had resort to the services of graduates and professionals, there was no difficulty in deciding it. What, then, is the difficulty now? The Harvards were the champions of 1878, but this year they have evidently lost the championship, as they have won neither the largest number of games nor series. Whichever way it be decided, I can see no reason why it should not be conceded to Yale."

BUFFALO vs. CLEVELAND.

The game at Cleveland, O., July 2, between the above clubs, was much more interesting than the preceding one. The weather was hot and close, and but 700 spectators attended. Mitchell pitched for the Clevelands, proving very effective. Cleveland slightly excelled in fielding, but the Buffalos did the best batting. The fielding of Fulmer and Walker and Glasscock and Phillips was noteworthy. Eggler's batting was the best. The visitors made two runs in the first inning on McCormick's muff, a wild pitch, Clapp's three-bagger, and Richardson's fly-out; one in the second on two errors and one hit, and one in the fourth on Fulmer's two-baser over the left-field fence, and Hornung's single. The home-nine made one in the second on Warner's hit, two passed balls, and Strief's hit; also one in the sixth on a force-hit, Eggler's muff and wild throw, and Fulmer's failure to stop Warner's difficult grounder. With Carey on third and Warner on first in the sixth inning, Allen struck to Fulmer, who made a feint at touching Warner as he passed and threw to Walker, which the umpire decided a double-play, much to the disgust of the crowd, who thought the base-runner was not touched.

BUFFALO.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	CLEVELAND.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Crowley, c.	4	1	0	4	0	0	Phillips, lb.	4	1	0	0	0	0
Force, s. s.	4	0	0	1	3	1	Glasscock, 2b	4	1	2	3	4	0
Clapp, r. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0	Carey, s. s.	4	0	1	1	4	1
Rich'dson,3b	4	0	0	0	0	0	Warner, l. f.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Eggler, c. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0	Allen, 3b.	3	0	0	0	3	0
Walker, 1st b	4	1	1	12	0	0	Strief, c.	3	0	0	6	0	0
Fulmer, 2d b	4	2	0	3	4	0	Fulmer, 2b.	4	1	1	8	5	0
Hornung, l. f.	4	2	2	2	0	0	Hornung, l. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Galvin, p.	4	0	2	0	2	1	Galvin, p.	3	0	1	0	4	0
Totals	40	9	11	27	12	2	Totals	32	2	4	27	21	3
Cleveland	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—2
Buffalo	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—4

Earned run—Buffalo, 1. Three-base hit—Clapp. Two-base hits—Fulmer, Eggler. Left on bases—Buffalo, 4; Cleveland, 3. First base on errors—Buffalo, 2; Cleveland, 4. Double-play—Fulmer and Walker. Struck out—Buffalo, 7; Cleveland, 2. Passed balls—Crowley, 2; Gilligan, 1. Wild pitch—McCormick, 1. Umpire, Gillian. Time, 2h. 15m.

FLYAWAY vs. MALDEN.

The Malden Club of Malden, Mass., played their first game with the Flyaways on the grounds at Jersey City, N. J., July 1. The visitors, from all appearances, considered that they had an easy task before them; but the home-club played in splendid form, making not a single error during the first six innings, and but three during the entire game, which they won. The Maldens also played a faultless game, except in the second inning, when, on one base-hit, they allowed the Flyaways to score three runs, the Maldens, on the other hand, being unable to score until the seventh inning, and they would not have scored during the game but for Dolan's error, which gave them two runs after two men had been disposed of. The pitching of Purroy and the catching of Wareham were the features of the game, which, with Lavin's batting, helped the Flyaways along amazingly. Fowler was also fielded with effect, but lost all through wild pitches at critical periods of the game. The catching and throwing of Robinson were good, but one man succeeding in stealing second base on him during the game. Score:

FLYAWAY.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	MALDEN.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Lavin, lb.	5	0	4	9	0	0	Degnan, s. s.	4	0	0	1	2	0
Towart, 3b.	5	0	2	0	2	0	Robinson, c.	4	0	1	3	4	0
Purroy, p.	4	0	0	1	1	0	Sweeny, l. f.	4	0	1	0	1	2
Raleigh, 2b.	5	0	1	2	3	0	Fayle, c. f.	4	0	0	1	0	1
Farrell, r. f.	4	0	2	1	0	1	Flint, 1st b.	4	1	2	13	0	0
Dolan, s. s.	4	1	0	0	3	1	Lynch, 2d b.	4	0	1	7	3	0
Wareham, c.	4	1	2	11	1	0	Maguire, 3b.	3	1	0	1	3	2
O'Neil, l. f.	4	2	1	2	1	0	Reid, r. f.	3	0	0	0	1	0
Thomp'n, c. f.	4	1	2

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, July 7.

LADIES' LIST.

Archer, Lottie
Abbott, Emma
Anderson, or Agent
Madam
Austin, Cora (gymnast)
Audley, Otey
Annette, Mlle.
Ames, Mrs. Pauline
Archer, Lottie
Bretto, Emma
Barrett, Mlle. (song and dance)
Bent, Bella
Banks, Mrs. Joe H.
Bateman, Alice
Boshell, Carrie
Beaumont, Stella
Belle, Kittie
Bear-Gilday, Fannie
Borelli, Mad. Natalie
Belden, Emma
Courtland Sisters (2)
Castleton, Ada (vocalist)
Cammara, Marie
Clifton, Viola
Clifton, Belle
Carew Sisters
Clifford, Millie
Coleman Sisters
Clancy, Veni
Daly, Lizzie
D'Alve sisters
Dillon, Susie
Duvall, Carrie
DeVoe Sisters
Dennis, Pearl
Dillon, Marie Louise
Desmond, Ella
Everts, Cora
Ellis, Lillie (vocalist)
Estelle, Katie
Fiawrence, Minnie (of Noble Co.)
Fowler, Mrs. W. A.
Fox, Annie
Garland-Murray, Grace
Gleason, Alice

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Austin, W. J. (late of Wood's gymnas.)
Auburn, Robt. G.
Allen, W. L. (manager) (4)
Ash, the musician
Arnold, Matt (circus "biz")
Adams, J. (of Saville's Op. Co.)
Atkins, W. A.
Benash, Frank
Brazzier, L. F.
Booker, Johnny
Breese, E. R.
Burrell, Matt
Brazzier, G. R.
Booth, Edwin
Bliss, G. (of Cooper & Bailey's Circus)
Branziers, The
Bryton, Fred
Bush, Frank (2)
Burton, Chas.
Berkley, J. W.
Bartello, Sig.
Browne, Arthur
Sandman, D. E.
Soisset, Jules
Bryan, C. (of Pastor's Co.)
Burtons, The
Berger, F. (of Berger Family)
Bingham, —
Bingham, Cool
Bohee Bros.
Binney, F. (of Gibson & Binney)
Boyd, O. J.
Braham, David
Bohan, Jas.
Bingham, — (ventriloquist)
Bryton, F. (leading "biz")
Crosby, Chas.
Charvat, F. B.
Curtis, M. B.
Chace, W. H.
Coyle, J. (of Robbins' Circus)
Cowles, A. A.
Colton, Harry
Conklin, P. (of Monmonwealth Cir.) (2)
Coyne, M. (of Howard & Coyne)
Coles, W. A.
Cooper, W. H.
Cordello, G. (with Batcheller & Doris)
Costley, Jos. (2)
Cole, Lew
Clarke, Kit
Carter, J. H.
Cavert, Mr. (agent)
Colville, Chas.
Calico, Monsieur (composition)
Clandon, Reg.
Collier, Jas. W.
Cohen, Jerry
Dale, E. J.
Davis, C. L.
Dickson, T. (of Haverly's)
Dashington, Jerry
D'Artrey, F.
Donlay, J. F.
Dykeman, Ed.
Dayton, Thos.
Denier, Jules
Davidson, E. (with Cooper & Bailey)
Delehanty & Heagler
Devoneer, Peter
Devere, C. L.
Daly, Robt.
Donald, Drew
Devoy, John (comedian)
Donnelly, J. T. (manager)
Ducrow, W. (of Robinson' Circus)
Dale, W. O.
Eunice, Frank
Elerson, Frank
Edward, Thos. (glass-blower)
Florance, Wm. A.
Forepaugh, A. J.
Forrester, Bruce
Fiscon, J. W.
Foster, Chas. (dramatist)
Frey, Chas. (comedian)
Finney, Wm. H.
Goodrich, E. F.
Gayler, W. E.
George, A. (p. o. m. Salisbury, Eng.) (2)
Green, Dan
Gulick, Jas. T. (2)
Gaston, Albert
Gottlieb, M.
Gaffney, Andrew
Gibbons, Phil
Gardner, Mrs. Ed. Wilson
Guy, W. H.
Gibbons & Russell
Gooding, E. D.
Griffin, Jos. H.
Harry, — (magician)
Hogan Bros.
Hickey, J. M. (2)
Holden, Mr. (musician)
Hart, Josh (2)
Healy, Dr. J. E. (3)
Harrison, Bob (comedian)
Hepp, Joe (of Cole's Circus)
Hall, G. W.
Holman Op. Co.
Hurley & Marr
Howard, E. (of Howard & Alton)
Hamilton, Wilbert
Harris, Lin
Hanley, M. W.
Howorth, J. (of Howorth's Hib.)
Johnston, E. T.
Jack, S. T. (manager)
Jackson, Mr. (stage-manager)
Jenkins, J. H. (song-and-dancer)
Johnson, Jos. (of McKee's Co.)
Kent, Frank
Kirkpatrick, John
Leavitt, M. B. (2)
Lord, J. A.
Little, Harry (2)
Loyal, Geo. (2)
Leach, J. (of Cassidy)
Strickland, W. H.
Ligon, Mr.
LaMartine, Harry (pantomimist)
Levy, — (cornet-ist)
Long, W. (of Topack & Long) (2)
Lee, Harry
Lorella, J. C.
Lenale, — Alex. (cornetist)
Lorella, T. A.
Laurent, Henri
Lucas, S. (of Sprague's Minst.)
Lyons, Lottie & Gertie
Lee, Minnie
Lavarnie, Carrie
Morris, Katie (vocalist)
Murphy, Mrs. Paddy
May, Etta
Martin & W. Hogan, Emma
Mowbray, —, Lizzie (club-swinger)
Millson, Georgina
Mass, Miss Isa S.
Muir, Helen
Misco, Mrs. Jennie
Moore Sisters, The
Mulvey, Lizzie
Nelson, Miss S. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Nault, Juliette (2)
Newman, Phillis
Nelson, Miss (p. o. m. Hancock, Eng.)
Plimsoll, Flora (burlesque "biz")
Pendy, Mrs. J.
Quick, J. N. (circus "biz")
Quinn, E. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Rose, P. C.
Rogers, Mr. & Mattie Vickers, Chas.
Rigby, Geo. (p. o. m. Liverpool, Eng.)
Reeker, Robt. (musician)
Roberts, Loraine
Rosaldo, Geo.
Rosenthal, Nick
Rosbby, Horace
Rose, Dave
Rosenthal, B.
Ryan, John Eugene
Reese, J. D. (banjoist)
Richardson, John
Robins, Ben
Rial, Jay (manager)
Robbins, Frank
Rentfrow, Jas.
Rice, Edmund J.
Rankin Bros. The
Slavin, J. H.
Storms, Chas. (2)
Scheffer, Mr. (Swiss bells)
Stevens, J. O. (2)
Strahl, Frank
Sneider, Matt
Seaman, F. H.
Sebastian, John
Stone or Stowe, Burt
Spencer & C. Mose
Sparks, J. (of Sparks Bros.)
Strickland, W. H.
Sprague's Minstrels
Sharp, S. Q.
Sheppard, J. (of Big 4 Minst.)
St. Ormond, Harry
Stevens, J. A. (manager)
Smith, C. (of Smith & Waldron)
Sullivan, E.P. (actor)
Shepherd, J. S. (manager)
Stewart, J. C.
Standing's Bell-ringers
Swain, Sam
Swanson, Ed.
Sheldon, Harry
Splane, J. D.
Stanley, Ernest
Sparks Bros.
Stevens, R. E.
Spaulding, W. P.
Thompson, M. (date Howard & Thompson) (2)
Turner, C. (of Turner & Cushman)
Tissot, Jules (2)
Thomas, D. (of Lillian Russell Co.)
Tinkham, E. A.
Thompson, Den
Tudor, John
Victorelli, Harry (2)
Vogel, Otto
Villa, S. B.
Voos, A. E.
Vernon, W. J.
Wilkinson, C. (of Uncle Tom's Cab. Co.)
Webb, Harry (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Wilson, Chas.
Wilson, J. (of Plantoon Dancers)
Wilson, — (comedian)
Wingfield, D. (of Day & Dan. Min.)
Wombold, Dave
Wallack, Watty (of Wallack Co.)
Wood & West "W. B." (2)
Walton, Punch (2)
Wells, C. A. (pantomimist)
Whittaker, Louis (circus "biz")
Ward, W. (of Dupree & Ben Co.)
Washburn, E. S.
Wood, A. F.
Wellsy & Pearl
Woodson, Harry
Weslyn, Everett A.
Wilson, Harry (clogist)
Zanfretta, Alex.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, July 7, '79.

The "Glorious Fourth" was celebrated in a manner worthy of a nation of freemen. The day was "the hottest of the season." Fireworks and stirring speeches had full swing; the veterans of the War of 1812, with ranks as thin as some of the old soldiers themselves, had their little parade and their big dinner, and they fought their battles o'er again, like the old campaigners that they are. Flags floated from prominent buildings in all parts of the city and from the shipping in the harbor, and the entire metropolis presented a grand holiday appearance. At night, "bombs bursting in air gave proof," as in the olden time, "that our flag was still there;" and eke ye pinwheel and ye fiery-tailed rocket, and ye Roman-candle as well, paled ye ineffectual fires of ye moon and twinkling stars, and made the racket lively. Steamboats and railroad trains brought thousands of sightseers to the city, and by similar means of conveyance hundreds of thousands were carried away. Coney Island was the great objective point of the masses; while Rockaway, near and far, and Long Branch and West Point and the Highlands and other points were not forgotten in the grand outpouring and ingathering. It was a three days' go-as-you-please holiday, many of our stores and factories and other establishments shutting up shop on Thursday and remaining closed until Monday. Such another Fourth-of-July hurrah we have not enjoyed in many a year, and everybody feels the better for it, always barring those indiscreet individuals who dip too deeply in the flowing bowl and who may put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their reason.....In the city the few places of amusement open were not crowded from pit to dome, but the shows in operation at Coney Island raked 'em in like a two-edged sword, and published the long-disused old stocking in a manner wonderful to behold! Venders of beer, ice-cream, parti-colored lemonade, lobsters, ice-cold milk, crabs, bananas, and other articles of commercial value were crowded with purchasers from early dawn of the morning" until the hour when churchyards yawn and graves give up their living skeletons. The poor player cast himself in various parts, and by his presence and bearing and social qualities added to the enjoyment of those around him, accidents from unloaded guns and pistols were as numerous as ever, and disasters by sea and land showed largely in the general summing-up.

As these things, we tell you truly,
Happened on the 4th of July.

.....The good name and fame of the people of Marshall, Texas, must not be jeopardized in the effort to secure the acquittal of Currie, who killed the actor Porter. Until the case was called up, a couple of weeks ago, the only persons known to have been present at the shooting were Miss Cummins, Messrs. Barrymore and Porter, and the proprietor of the restaurant where the murder was perpetrated; yet now the friends of Currie are said to claim that there have five witnesses ready to testify that the killing was done in self-defense! Why were not those alleged witnesses produced at the examination of Currie? Their evidence, if evidence they could give, might have prevented him from being sent to prison to answer the charge of murder. It will not do to manufacture evidence in this case, for such perjured testimony will recoil upon the perjurers sooner or later. Nor does it look as if the accused meant to meet the issue fairly and squarely, else why delay the trial from time to time on some flimsy pretext or other, until the professional engagements of the principal witnesses for the prosecution will prevent them from being present? If Currie is innocent, let the trial show his innocence, so that he may be released at once.....Should Professor King be successful in his balloon experiments at Coney Island, it is said that he will attempt the solution of ocean aerial navigation by sending his balloon across to Europe by itself! Every day discoveries, and a few years ago one of our contemporaries threatened to discover the eastern passage by sending a balloon, with a man in it, across the Atlantic. That was a hazardous undertaking, or overtaking, rather; but it didn't come to a passover, for, though the balloon was ready, the man was not. In the present case, the balloon will go, manned or not manned. Nothing is too difficult in this enlightened age.....The attempt to impose a tax upon horned frogs and three-tailed kangaroos is an undeserved blow aimed at the rights and privileges of the sideshowman, and the profession will not hesitate to rebuke it at the polls. First, it was a license upon the educated pig; then the dancing bear became an object of taxable hostility; and now the horned frog and kangaroo are to be made the target for the shafts of those of unæsthetic tastes. Should they succeed in this persecution of the frog, is it not reasonable to suppose that the sword-swallower and the Circassian girl will be next assaulted? And what guaranty have we that the three-ply rat-tail snake and the ichneumon will not be called upon to serve some selfish purpose of these inhuman wretches? It has been incidentally hinted that the horse with the snake in his eye comes under the head of taxables; but some of our most eminent lawyers contend that in all the records of the marvels of animated nature there is not the slightest allusion to any horse with a snake in his eye having been taxed. If the taxationists are allowed to go on in their persecutions, what man will be silly enough to waste his time, labor and attention on the production and cultivation of living curiosities? Do we not already hear the entire civilized world in woolly horses and real mermaids? Do we not produce more genuine Circassian girls than any other nation on the face of the earth, Circassia not excepted? Are not our learned pigs and educated mules marvels of American genius? And where, we ask, will you find Washington's nurses that will at all compare with those which have, from time to time, been presented to public notice by the American producer? If the treacherous machinations of these jealous sycophants are allowed to prevail, then all the Tom Thumbses and Commodore Nuttses and other diminutive prodigies will have to be stamped ere they will be permitted to pass current. It is an outrage that no sideshowman should submit to. What, we ask, will be the fate of the fat woman, the thin man, the no-armed woman, and the man-born-without-a-shirt, if this threatened usurpation of human rights and inhuman wrongs is not throttled at the outset? The very gorge of the showman rises when he contemplates the bare possibility of the success of the hostile efforts of this cabal of free-booters and murderous profligates who prey on society! Listen to these

WORDS OF SCORN.

Let the showman arise in his pomp and his pride,
And gird on the armor of war;
Let him call all the wonders of nature aside,
From the gnu to the jumping frog star.

In the councils that meet in the great cause of right
Let each marvel its views freely press,
And show to the world in all honor bright
That "nothing essential" is less.

Let the living skeleton swear by the moon,
And George Washington's nurse by the sky,
That sooner than give them the least opportun
Ity for to tax them, they'd die!

Let the camomile spring from his nest in the tree,
Let the sword-swallower tighten his grip,
And the mermaid remain in the depths of the sea,
And in unison cry: "Let her rip!"

Has the bullbull now rights that the law should support?
Is the chimpanzee dead to the world?
Is the nyigau, according to common report,
From his lair in the bush to be hurled?

O lion! come forth in your might and your mane,
O peewit, strike hard for your sires,
And fearless and free, against the cannest of game,
Rekindle the patriots' fires!

Oh, perish the wretches who'd tain tax our breath!
Shoot them down in their sale on the wing!
Where is thy victory now, O Death?
And, slimy souls, where is thy sting?

.....We perceive by our foreign exchanges that Lord Beaconsfield visited the London "Zoo," recently, and took in the various curiosities on exhibition. We regret to learn, however, that his lordship declined the offer of one of the attendants to stir up the animals with a pole for Beak's edification. Thus declining, his lordship lost one of the most interesting features of the show: for it is only when the lion and tiger and sparrows and owls are stirred up with a pole in the hands of a professional poleist, that they are to be seen at their best. Lord Beaconsfield will live to regret this matter.....At the Philadelphia Zoological Garden there is a pale-faced baboon who promises to make an efficient baseball-player. He already throws and catches with the greatest fluency, and his proprietors hope to make a current appear before the season closes. He exhibits a good deal of cunning in his delivery. One objection to his policy is, that he brings the game to a sudden close whenever the small boy gives him a peanut or a one-cent doughnut! Otherwise he is certainly a promising player.....The theatre that intends to exact high-tariff prices of admission next season will be expected to present its plays in the best style, by a company composed of first-class talent in every line. One star will not atone for the shortcomings of a whole company. Patrons of the theatre will not object to pay liberally to see a comedy or drama or tragedy placed upon the stage with a due regard to all the requirements of scenery, costumes, and other auxiliaries, and interpreted by artists of acknowledged merit. The coming season will exhibit an unusually animated competition among our managers, and he whose notions of economy are permitted to interfere with his zeal and with what is required of him by the public will be obliged to take a back seat, while his more liberal competitor will move to the front. And here we would remark that when a manager has a first-class company, with an equally good list of plays, let him thoroughly advertise them, no matter where he may be located, or in what direction the combination may be traveling. The beautiful showbills, in many colors, which theatrical printers are now producing, help along a good attraction in more ways than one. Liberal advertising in the local papers also materially contributes to the financial success of a first-class organization, and the employment of colored wall-literature or advertising will help along a bad play or an inferior troupe. After a good show is fairly started, it will help to advertise itself. Managers must not break faith with their people. Contracts should be binding on both sides; and as performers are not permitted to share in the profits of their managers, so they should not be expected to share the losses when business is bad. All of which is respectfully submitted.....Lillie Langtry got into trouble of some kind with one of her young lady-friends in Maryland, one of the results of which was the early decease of the latter, for which Lillie was tried, convicted, and fined five hundred dollars, contemplates, it is reported, delivering the lecture Lillie Duer might do a worse thing than that; but if her lectures are no better than the published story which she is said to have written, it would be better for her to study a while longer.....Information reaches us from Missouri to the effect that seventeen "Pinafore" troupes are now devastating that unfortunate State. This may be one of the causes for the agitation of the question regarding the erection of a number of new insane asylums out there.....We do not view with favor the suggestion of a correspondent for another great musical jubilee such as startled the Fair and Boston a few years ago, organization, in addition to fife-bells, cannon, anvils, and sledge-hammers, etc., a representation of Mount Vesuvius in action, with burning lava running down the mountain-side, and filling the streets with liquid fire! This would be entirely too much for a circus would be much better.....On the 4th of July the genial sideshow-blower rang the changes on the "tocsin of liberty," the "safeguard of our country," "the times that tried men's souls," etc., in a manner worthy of Cicero and Demosthenes. The sideshow-talker never fails to avail himself of the opportunity offered him by recurrences of the "Glorious Fourth!" We would kindly remind him, however, that in speaking of the armless man it is going a trifle too far to call him "a living bird of the air-y."

Neither is it consistent to call the albino woman "the bleached daughter of the dark and bloody ground!" Nor will history support him in the allegation that the stuffed mule on exhibition is "the identical horse that carried Napoleon through victory at Waterloo." A little inquiry in the proper quarter, or the perusal of books bearing upon great events in the world's history, would enable the clever sideshow blower to deliver a good oration without having statements questioned or its veracity disputed. Our friend should be told that Napoleon never rode a mule or anything else to victory at Waterloo. It is such allegations as these that throw a shade of doubt over his entire lecture, and cause the learned hearer to view all of his actions with suspicion. By sticking to George Washington, the bird of freedom, and the stars-and-stripes, with a slight reference to heaven's artillery, the "professional talker" is not likely to go astray; but when he takes us to Waterloo, and interferes with the Duke of Wellington's affairs, he will get caught where his hair is short.....Concerning the prevailing epidemic, we have had submitted to us a very lengthy and argumentative poem on "Pinafore" and its surroundings by "A Man Who Has Seen it Ninety-three Times." We have not room for the entire work, but offer a few choice lines as specimens of

THE FITTEST.

Sir Joseph, sit thee down, I wish to hear no more;
And Hebe, dashing Hebe, hie thee to some foreign shore;
I banish thee to England, to Italy, or France, and so do
my
Go, Deadeye; plow again the brine "ocean's swell—
It's *dead* I wish you were, and Buttercup as well;
I hate the Captain, too, although he's sometimes clever—
I'll never see him more! What's that! Well—
Of all the dreadful *fiends* the stage has ever nursed,
I really do believe that Jose*phine's* the worst;
Ralph Rackstraw should be placed beneath a social ban,
And the Boatswain sent adrift although he *is* —

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

The departures by steamer on the 1st inst. were Miss Sara Jewett, Packard the tenor, and Miss Julia Gaylord and her mother. Miss Gaylord and Packard return to the Carl-Rosa Troupe in England.....A Wiesbaden hotel-keeper has recently been paying delicate attentions to the Abbe Liszt. He was so considerate as to place a piano in the musician's bathroom.....A Philharmonic Society has just been organized by the professional musicians of Chicago. It is avowedly "for the advancement of art, and not in the interest of any one person, nor for personal or financial gain."....Ad. Neuendorff got back here from Germany on the 1st inst., to take his place as conductor of the orchestra at Bright-on Beach.....Maurel (the latter name an elegant harp from H. McGlenen of the Boston Theatre.....The Academy of Music now building in Easton, Md., is announced, to be opened with a grand concert on July 15.....The members of the Concord Dramatic Club, of Boston, Mass., on the 30th ult. enjoyed their annual Summer holiday at Downer Landing, the Germania Band furnishing the music for dancing.....Pain's fireworks opened his season of aeronautics at Manhattan Beach, Coney Island, on the 1st inst.....On the same date W. F. Owen of the Park theatre Company sailed from here for England in the steamer Wisconsin.....Miss Laura Don was registered last week at Manhattan Beach Hotel, Coney Island.....Miss Geffreys Lewis sailed from here on the 3d inst. in the steamer Denmark, bound for London.....Oxford University has created Arthur Sullivan a Musical Bachelor.....Scenes in the life of the Romen of Max Maretzek's forthcoming season of English opera.....In the canton of Zurich there was recently a contest in which 1,200 peasant vocalists took part. A banquet followed, and next day seven of the singers were dead, and six hundred and ninety-eight were ill. The reader was acquitted, but the party who supplied the eatables was sentenced to three years' imprisonment.....According to a private dispatch from London, Candidus, the Philadelphia tenor, has achieved a great success as Lohengrin at Her Majesty's Theatre, to the Elsa of Christine Nilsson.....Edward Compton, son of the late well-known English actor, was secured by cable on the 26th ult. to support Adelaide Neilson during her American tour.....The presence of Master Ernest Gye will prevent the reappearance of Mme. Albani this season.....Fritz Buehman, proprietor of the Coliseum, Cincinnati, was in this city at the close of last week.....Rehearsals for Carl Rosa's season of opera will begin in London on July 15, and the season itself will begin in Dublin on Aug. 11.....Miss Josephine Yorke left Cincinnati on the 1st for this city, whence she was to have sailed on the 3d for Liverpool, to rejoin Carl Rosa's Opera Troupe.....It seems that Sole will have his London theatre, after all. It is stated by the *London Builder* that a plot of ground in Northumberland avenue, adjoining the Grand Hotel, has been leased for the purpose of erecting a theatre for the operas.....The ground-rent is nearly £25,000 per annum, but the land is ample for shops and other buildings, in addition to the theatre.....H. B. Dodworth's Band furnished Central Park with its music on the Fourth of July.....Grisfulla's having been called to the new pier at Coney Island.....General Tom Thumb celebrated the Fourth by sailing his yacht at Middleboro, Mass., until it capsized with himself and party. It was with difficulty that a passing boat found enough of the General to pick up.....It is announced that Miss Kate Everleigh, now in England, will return and resume her place with Colville's Folly Troupe.....London gossips are whispering of an approaching marriage, in which the high contracting parties will be Miss Minnie Hauk and a German journalist of elevated tone to correspond with the singer's.....Public accents of the captive balloon have been resumed in Paris, but at half the price charged last year.....Contemplating partial retirement from public life, John S. Clarke is in negotiation with Bancroft of the Prince of Wales' Theatre, London, with the view of transferring to the latter the lease of the Haymarket Theatre. In case the transfer is made, Clarke will reserve to himself the right to one-third of the time in each dramatic season at the Haymarket, either to act himself or to control the management. The house will be remodeled and improved in many respects. Should Bancroft undertake the management, Clarke's interest will abandon the Prince of Wales'.....The director of the Grand Opera, Paris, has engaged Mme. Hamann for three years. She is one of the most distinguished pupils of the Dresden conservatory.....The French Government has been presented with a complete collection of ancient and modern Indian musical instruments, by the Rajah Sourindo Mohun Tagore, founder of a musical school at Calcutta, and the same personage who three years ago made the French Government a present of his numerous publications of Indian music, which are now in the library of the Conservatory, whose musical museum will be enriched by the Rajah's latest gift, numbering more than a hundred specimens.....The distinguished organist Alex. Guilmant purposes giving four organ concerts next month at the Trocadero, Paris.....The new director of the Paris Opera, M. Vaucorbeil, was born at Rouen in 1821. He is the son of Ferville the actor, whose real name was Vaucorbeil, and who had a long career at the Grand Opera.....While a pupil of the Conservatory, the musician Vaucorbeil obtained the prize of Solfeggio in 1836. He studied harmony in Dourlen's class, and composition under Carafa, and has written a number of melodies and considerable drawing-room music.....It is claimed for John S. Clarke that last year's season of the Haymarket, London, yielded him a profit of nearly $25,000.....Charles A. Chizzola and F. A. Schwab sailed from this port for Liverpool on the 5th inst.....The honors at the recent concert of the London Training School for Music were carried off by Master D'Albert, who is only fifteen years old, and is a son of a former ballet-master at Her Majesty's Theatre.....His excellence is both as a pianist and as a composer.....The unexpected arrival in Philadelphia on the 6th inst. of Robert Filkins and Harry Mann, respectively manager and treasurer of the Standard Theatre, this city, gave rise to the suspicion that they were there for the purpose of negotiating for J. H. Haverly a lease of the Walnut-street Theatre.....

CITY SUMMARY.

ACCIDENTALLY KILLED BY HIS FRIEND.—David Howard of Howard and Thompson, delineators of Hebrew character in the theatres, died at the Chambers-street Hospital at 2.40 P. M. July 4. William W. Sklarz, an intimate friend of the deceased, and a clerk in the store of a dealer in guns and pistols in Chatham street, while on his way to dinner that day met Mr. Howard on the Bowery. Having a friendly chat Mr. Howard intimated to Mr. Sklarz that he desired to purchase a pistol, and the latter told him that he had one of the latest pattern which he was taking home with him with a view of selling it to a gentleman residing in his house, in Allen street. Mr. Howard expressed a desire to see the pistol, and, as Mr. Sklarz did not wish to display it on a public thoroughfare, they stepped into the private entrance of a photograph gallery, No. 116 Bowery. As Sklarz was showing the deceased how the pistol worked and how the shell of the cartridge was thrown out by a joint, the pistol exploded. Mr. Howard immediately exclaimed "My God, I'm shot!" Mr. Sklarz states that he thought Howard was fooling him, and when he found that he was not, he carried him to a neighboring drug-store, and went in search of a doctor. An examintion revealed that the bullet had penetrated Mr. Howard's abdomen, and he was at once removed to the hospital, where he died, as stated. Mr. Sklarz went at once in search of a policeman, related the circumstances, and gave himself up. He was taken to the Mulberry-street police-station and locked up. Coroner Wolfman held an inquest in the case July 5, when the jury rendered a verdict to the effect that the deceased came to his death by hemorrhage from a pistol-shot wound in the abdomen, accidentally received at No. 116 Bowery on July 4, and while the pistol was in the hands of William Sklarz. The latter was therefore honorably discharged. Deceased's real name was David Joseph. He was an English Jew, twenty-two years of age, and resided at 75 Eldridge street, where he supported his mother. He made his first appearance on the stage, with Michael Thompson, in the Bowery Theatre, at the corner of Sixth avenue and Thirtieth street, in this city, about nine months ago. Since that time they had steadily been gaining in reputation, and were considered attractive performers.....Howard had engaged new specialties for Tony Pastor's Theatre, and at the time of the accidental shooting were fulfilling an engagement in the Tivoli Theatre, where deceased made his last appearance on any stage July 3.

A NEW BOWERY "NOT GUILTY" AND "BARNEY THE BARON" constituted the programme last week, with the exception of July 4 and 5. On the afternoon and evening of Independence-day the following pieces were performed: "Widow's Victim," "Gunman of Moscow," "Two Orphans," "Pretty Little Beacon," "Obi," "Two Drovers," "Jack Long," and "Robber's Wife," and on the evening of 5, "Regulator's Doom," "Jack Junk," "Life for Life," and "Irish Emigrant." The closing of the dramatic season at this well-established and flourishing house of late was marked by a complimentary benefit to F. W. Hofele, lessee and manager. The last performance in this theatre under its present name was a noteworthy event, the pieces selected being "The Boy Detective, as also Linn Boyd's drama, entitled "William Tell," with many volunteers, including Miss Rachel Denvil, N. S. Wood and Frank Drew.

AT THE VOLKS' GARDEN the attendance last week was fully up to the average. The new faces were those of Lizzie Brantz, Leonore Loraine, Alice Martini, Mlle. Lupo, Mlle. Mora, and others. They were to have appeared in "Around the World in Eighty Days" July 1, Lytell playing Passepartout, W. H. Fortescue Phineas Fogg, Miss Brantz Aouda, and J. Kennedy (first appearance) Arthur Mayburn.

A MANAGER is wanted to take charge of a colored dramatic company. See C. S. L.'s card.

THE RICHMOND & VON BOYLE Comedy Company can be addressed for engagements as per card.

ADAH FOY will commence a starring tour Aug. 25 with her drama of "London by Night." For dates address A. J. Cosgrove, manager, as per advertisement.

FRANK FRAYNE, supported by Morris & Morrison's Company, closed a three nights' season in the Grand Opera-house, Milwaukee, Wis., July 5. Business good.

THE E. A. MCDOWELL'S COMPANY closed their season of five weeks in Winnipeg, Manitoba, June 21.

THE TOWNSEND FAMILY closed their season in Painesville, O., July 4. The same company will be retained for next season, which is to commence in May.

AMY STONE, leading juveniles, can be engaged. See card.

MINNIE FLORANCE (Mrs. Geo. A. Florance) is rusticating at her cottage in Vineyard Highlands, Mass. Her engagements can be learned on card.

"UNCLE SAM IN QUOD," a libretto for comic operetta, is offered for sale by Wm. Bush, who advertises.

THE DEATH OF MINNIE WALTON is telegraphed as having taken place in San Francisco, Cal., July 1. A biographical sketch of the deceased may be found upon our first page.

TONY DENIER'S "Humpty Dumpty" Pantomime Company, with Geo. H. Adams (Grimaldi) as clown, will begin the next season Aug. 25. Mr. Denier advertises in this paper that he will have a new company and new specialties, tricks and printing for this popular act. The present season closed in Chicago, Ill., July 6. D. B. Hodges, business-manager, and F. D. Hildreth, treasurer, remain.

FOX'S RATES AND TERMS on Sam T. Jack's Oil Circuit apply as per advertisement. Mr. Jack is now in this city, stopping at the Union place Hotel.

MARIE ZOE is rusticating at her Summer residence, at Hempstead, L. I. J. A. Brown is acting as her agent, and to him all communications can be sent. See card.

THE LANGRISHE COMPANY played in Central City, D. T., June 28, to a large audience. "Led Astray" being represented with good effect.....Fanchon" is to be given 28 by the Metropolitan Troupe.

MINNIE CUMMINGS can be negotiated with in regard to engagements by addressing as per card. A business-manager is wanted.

NEIL BURGESS, in the title role of D. R. Locke's comedy of "Widow Bedott," has, by his clever rendition of the part, made a success for both the piece and himself. Mr. Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby) is to accompany Mr. Burgess during the coming season. R. F. Lowell, business agent, is now in town, and can be addressed in reference to dates. See advertisement.

JOHN ELLSLER and company gave two performances of "Life's Lottery" in the Academy of Music, Cleveland, O., July 4, 5, to fair business.....'Pinafore" was repeated at the Opera-house 4 to good business. The singing of Mrs. S. C. Ford was the main attraction. The chorus and the rest of the cast called to well.

STARS AND COMBINATIONS.—In addition to the list published in our past issue, the following will be on the road next season: The Cecelia Crisp Combination, Edwin Stuart manager, Harry Amlar, The Ideal Home Opera Company (of Boston), Sprague's Georgia Minstrels No. 2, Charles Fortes' Dramatic Company, E. S. Washburn's Last Sensation, Heywood Brothers (possibly two companies), Edwin Clifford's Dramatic Company, the Townsend Family, Ada Ivy, Spaulding's Bellringers, M. B. Leavitt's Novelty Combination (in addition to Mme. Rentz's Minstrels), Mabel Florence's Female Firebrigade, Pauline Markham's Company, W. H. Power, Sam Lucas.

THE MEMPHIS (TENN.) THEATRE.—By a late sale of the Chancery Court the Memphis Theatre was sold to Messrs. Lubie Bros., merchants of that city. During the Summer the theatre will be entirely refitted, a new stage and a full set of scenery being put in; the auditorium will be reseated with the patent folding-chairs, and such other improvements as may be necessary will be made. Hereafter it will be known as Lubie's Theatre. It will remain under the lesseeship and management of Davey & Brooks. The coming season will open early in October next.

THE WALLACE TRIPOLOGUE COMBINATION played in Evansville, Ind., July 3, 4, to reported large business. A society in that city have engaged them to perform twice a week during the remainder of the Summer.

ROSINA JOHNSON during the season will appear in his characterization of Ichabod Pegentoucher.

JOSEPH BROOKES, comanager of the Memphis Theatre, was robbed of his watch at Long Branch, N. J., July 4.

R. G. ROGERS has been engaged to play the Judge in "Miss" with the McDonough-Pixley party.

AN ATTRACTION is wanted for fair week at Champaign, Ill. See Davis & Monroe's card.

HARRY EYTINGE, who was engaged for next season with the Rice Surprise Party, has given it up, and W. A. Mestayer went to Boston with the company July 6, and remains with them during their engagement there. Mr. Eytinge has engaged with F. C. Bangs' Combination for next season.

THE ROYAL OPERA-HOUSE, Toronto, Ont., was occupied July 1 (Dominion Day) by Allen Halford and a company composed of professionals who are summering in the city. "Ben Bolt" and "The Spectre Bridegroom" comprised the bill presented. Attendance large.

EDWIN CLIFFORD states that he closed his season in Oshkosh, Wis., July 4, instead of Racine, as originally intended.

ATKINS LAWRENCE, late juvenile-man at the Walnut, Philadelphia, has been offered the juvenile business with Mary Anderson the coming season, and will probably accept it.

THE AGNES WALLACE-VILLA COMBINATION are to commence their next season Aug. 18.

CHARLES MCGINNIS and a company played "Rip Van Winkle" in Morrow, O., July 4.

THE ASHTONS played "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in Olean, N. Y., July 4.

FROM BOSTON, MASS., our advices, dated July 6, are as appended: "Theatricals have been at a standstill during the past week, opera and variety being given at the three places of amusement open during that time. A Summer season of burlesque will be inaugurated at the Park Theatre July 7 by Rice's Surprise Party, who present the extravaganza of "Horrors," with nearly the same cast and scenery which characterized its production at the Union-square Theatre, New York.....The Americus Club of Boston, who were encamped on their grounds in Scituate, Mass., June 29, were met by the severe storm which prevailed on that day, and their dining-tent and furniture were scattered and broken by the wind. Ed. J. Buckley, who was a guest of the club, had his arm and wrist sprained in holding the tent down to prevent its being blown away. The members present were John H. Dee, J. Chester Goodwin, E. S. Tarr, D. Foster Farrar, Robert Fuller, G. W. Floyd and Louis P. Goullaud.....The Boston Theatre management have again gone to Baltimore for a juvenile lady, and have engaged Miss Adelaide Betchon of Ford's Theatre for the position next season.....Arthur L. Leiss, twenty-two years of age, hailing from New York and claiming to be a theatrical manager, was arrested in this city 2 on a charge of obtaining money by false pretenses from Charles A. Borelli. His method of working was to advertise for a treasurer, and applicants for the position were required to advance sums of money to insure their honesty. In this way, it is said, he obtained $60 from one young man, $50 from another, and from Borrelli $110.50.....Charles Burnham of Pike's Opera-house, Cincinnati, visited Boston the past week.....Arthur Moulton, a pupil of Wyzeman Marshall, will form one of the company at the Boston Theatre next season.....Charles E. Rice and Augustus S. Pennoyer will be the manager and the agent of the 'Evangeline' Troupe the coming season.....Ada Cavendish, who is passing part of the Summer at J. B. Booth's Masconomo House, Manchester, will play a three weeks' engagement in Boston next season, opening either as Beatrice or as Rosalind.....Thomas H. Burns has been engaged as a member of Weathersby's Froliques for next season.....Fred Williams, for many years stage-manager of the Boston Museum, will pass the heated term in Babylon, L. I., and will take up his permanent residence in New York.....'Wolfert's Roost,' George Fawcett Rowe's new play, soon to be produced in New York, will perhaps be given in the early Fall at the Boston Museum.....John Braham's Park Garden is approaching completion, and may be opened the last of the present week.....The Fourth-of-July entertainments at the different theatres open on that day were the least successful of all ever given in this city."

FROM DENVER, COL., under date of July 2, our correspondent sends the following: "The amusement season continues active, as far as the array and supply of worthy talent is concerned, but, owing to the rapid approach of the Summer, attendance is somewhat below its accustomed numbers. John T. Raymond closed a week's engagement June 28, and then left for the mountains, accompanied by the local support which assisted him in Denver. He proposes to spend several weeks among the mining towns of Colorado, his own expenses being small and the chances of success being correspondingly large. He will play in Georgetown 30, July 1, 2, Central City 3, 4, 5. Advices from Georgetown report the first two nights of his engagement there as having been profitable beyond expectation. (He must have abandoned the tour, as he called at THE CLIPPER office July 7.—ED. CLIP.).....The New York "Standard" Fifth-avenue "Pinafore" Company left here for New East 29, and opened a week's engagement at the Opera-house. The company numbers twenty-eight members. Their future route is at present unknown.....The Hyers Sisters' Combination presented "Pinafore" at Cheyenne, W. T., on the 3d inst., to fine business. The public was d

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Providence, R. I., presented the following list of performers the past week: The Sherwood Sisters, McPherson and O'Neil, the Devoe Sisters, Thomas and Watson, Alice Gleason, the Stuart Sisters and Billy Chace, with a clog septet comprising Harry Madden, Harrington, Wilson, McPherson, Erwin, O'Neil and Duncan. July 7, Viola Clifton's Lady Minstrels and Mabel Stanley's London Brunettes open, with Lizzie Daly, Christine Percy, Gussie Leach, Maud Rentz, the Rose Sisters, Mabel Cushman, Alice Murtello, Carrie McCormick, Lester, Allen, Tierney and Cronin, Williams and Watson, and Fred Morris. Departures 5: The Sherwood Sisters, McPherson and O'Neil, Thomas and Watson, the Stuart Sisters, and the clog septet, to New York; the Devoe Sisters and Billy Chace, to Boston; Capt. Ebb, Lottie Russell and Alice Gleason, who lay off. ..... At the Sans Souci a new bill succeeds "Pinafore," which has had a long and successful run. The new faces are the St. Felix Sisters, Charles Banks, Billy Carter, and the Alpine Quartet..... At the Park Garden Till's Marionettes, Mitchell the fire-demon, and Prof. Lawrence are playing.

JAMES W. NUGENT, Ethiopian comedian, died in St. Mary's Hospital, Cincinnati, June 29, of consumption, aged 28. He was a native of Philadelphia, and first appeared in Cincinnati last Winter. His last appearance was at Ryan's Music Hall, that city, in February last. The expense of his funeral, which took place 30, was borne by his fellow-performers at Ryan's, who also attended. He was buried in St. Joseph's Catholic Cemetery.

BILLY ALLEN, Dan Cooley, J. P. Carroll, Baker and Mills, Ned and Billy Reed, May Carroll, Ella Kernan, Alice Clark and Julia Lytle comprised the company filling the past week at Reed's Academy of Music, Dayton, O. Billed for 7: Emilia Renard and Barton and Mullaney. No departures.

ARCHIE WHITE and Ella Esmond are at their home, in this city, for the Summer. See card for address.

EISHERS' ATHENÆUM, Cincinnati, O., opens Aug. 1. Specialty people are wanted, and the Miltons, Adrienne Gray and Minnie Hall are particularly requested to communicate. See advertisement.

THE GRAND CENTRAL, Troy, N. Y., had a fair Fourth-of-July week, and on the 5th the company, consisting of Ivory and Sands, Ada Lynwood, Mack and Ross, Ada Lannier, Gibbons and Russell, and Kate Seaton, left for New York..... Resident professionals and amateurs of Troy and Albany produce "Uncle Tom's Cabin" 14..... Billy McAllister and a gentleman legally suing E. S. Washburn's name will take the road in September.

THE NAME of the Adelphi Theatre, Minneapolis, Minn., has been changed to the Theatre Comique, and J. P. Freeman is now proprietor and manager. Business has been only moderate during the past week. No changes in the company. Adi Weaver and Enid Hart are billed to open July 7. Performers are wanted, and the Ronaldo Bros., Lamont and Ducrow and Manchester and Jennings are requested to write.

AT THE VARIETIES, Norfolk, Va., the past week, business was good. Manager C. T. Tooker gave a matinee performance on July 4, the first that has ever been given in the building, and there was a large and appreciative audience. The Sheerans—James and Lydia—who were to have closed June 28, were re-engaged for one week, and closed July 5, going to Baltimore. Carrie Lewis also closed, going to Washington. Kitty Whitland opens 10. Harry Woodson, Ethiopian comedian, opened July 1, and was well received. Bob Slaven's banjo-solos are a feature.

MANAGER PUTNAM, after playing in Petersburg, Va., June 30, July 2, 3, with his company, reopened at the Comique, Richmond, 4. The Martinetti Family remain the leading attraction. The combination, which was to have started out about July 1, under the management of King & Putnam, has been given up. James Woodville opens 7.

MABEL FLORENCE'S FEMALE FIRE-BRIGADE begins its tour Aug. 25. A number of performers are wanted, also a leader of orchestra. See card.

M. B. LEAVITT is the proprietor and manager of Mme. Rentz's Minstrels, instead of the agent, as was announced in our past issue, under the heading of "Agents Placed."

BUSINESS was only fair at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., the past week. The new faces appearing were J. F. Sherry, banjoist; Turner, Harris and Welsh in songs-and-dances; and Bernard Ryder. This house closes 5, for two weeks, so as to make improvements, and the company depart as follows: Harry Guion, Philadelphia; J. F. Sherry, Tillehurst Turner, Harris and Welsh, Indianapolis; Bernard Ryder, New York; Fanny Duane and John Bartley, Louisville.

DURING THE PAST WEEK at the Coliseum, Detroit, Mich., on the warm nights a fair business was done, but on the cool evenings crowded houses have been the rule. The new people were May and Chas. A. Loder, Gibson and Binney, Wilston and Fox, Fannie Knight, Chas. S. Rogers, Mattie Vickers, Tom E. Murray. This being the last week of the season, everybody closed 5, the Loders going to Toledo; Gibson and Binney to join Emerson's Minstrels; Fannie Knight, Mattie Vickers and Chas. S. Rogers, Chicago; Frank Wright, Buffalo; Jerome Stansill, New York; Joe Lang for a trip up the lakes during the Summer; Pat Reilly, Ed. Hammond, May Williams remain here (their home); Lillian Howard visits her mother in Salina, Kas.; Wilston and Fox, Tom E. Murray, no destination; Chas. O. White, whose benefit 2 was a big success, will remain to superintend the appearance of combinations at this house, and visit New York about July 20. The Wellington Sisters' Combination are booked 7 for one week, at the Coliseum..... This being the week of the races, a company was gotten together to open at the Comique. Although a poor business was done, they are going to try another week of it.

AT KERNAN'S SUMMER GARDEN, Baltimore, Md., the Berlin Ladies' Orchestra proved an attractive card during the past week. Their selections were harmoniously rendered, and so highly appreciated that Manager Kernan has re-engaged them for another week. The new olio people were Louise Murio and Frankie Christie. Departures 6: Louise Murio, Kitty Bradford, Pa., announced for 7: Lou Vavasour ..... At the Odeon June 30 the arrivals were the Russell Bros., May Marshall and Minnie Lee. Departures: Kitty Whitland, to Norfolk, Va., and Belle Fairmount, to New York. Announced for 7: Annie Raymond and Louise De Lisle.

AT THE NATIONAL, Hartford, Ct., the attractions last week were Lester, Allen, Tierney and Cronin, Williams and Watson, Viola Clifton, and the Ross Sisters, all of whom closed for Providence July 5. The theatre will remain closed until Sept. 1, when the regular season commences.

THE FOLLOWING performers appeared in the Theatre Comique, Bradford, Pa., the past week: Mable Pearl, the Austins, Maggie Nichols, Mulligan and Morris, Annie Boyd, Barzollia, Annie Montague, and El Nino Eddie. Departures 5: Barzollia, to New York; Annie Montague, Utica; Mulligan and Morris, Detroit; the Austins, to join Gray's Diorama. Business fair. Announced for 7: The Fergusons, Le Clair Sisters, Ada Linwood, and the Halls..... At the Academy of Music, Moore and Jessinger, Le Clair Sisters, Pat O'Brian, Bell, Johnson, Hurley and Marr, De Witt Cook, Kittie Sheppard, Cherrie Chapman and Geo. S. Garland played to fair business. Departures 5: Moore and Ducrow and Manchester and Jennings are requested to write.

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FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

EUROPEAN NOVELTIES.

"Liberty."

an Irish drama by H. C. Richardson, was produced at the Elephant and Castle Theatre, London, June 14, and was received with demonstrations of approval. The plot is as follows: Connor Raymond, a high-spirited young Irishman, has incurred the displeasure of the Government by his connection with a band of patriots, who, of course, have for their object the overthrow of the hateful English. Raymond loves an interesting young lady, Norah Conolly, and by her his passion is reciprocated; but she is sought by Sir Arthur O'Hagan, a wicked man, who pursues her, not so much through a feeling of love as of revenge, that he may thwart Raymond, and cause him as much general discomfiture as he conveniently can. Though Norah makes no secret of her love for Raymond, she yet ultimately consents to marry Sir Arthur, and sacrifice all hope of future happiness, in order that she may save her father, who is at Sir Arthur's mercy, from ruin. It must be owned that this expedient of making the villain have power over the father of the girl he wishes to marry, and trading on it, is somewhat hackneyed; but, though taking advantage of such power to gain a wife does not seem very commendable, it is, at all events on the stage, very convenient. Of course, Sir Arthur has a creature, one Daniel Blarney, Esq., who makes himself useful by his constant practice of eavesdropping. Any scheme arranged for the safety of Raymond Daniel Blarney is always at hand to overhear, and is consequently able to put the military on the right track. Blarney is subjected to many indignities; but he bears them with laudable composure, consoled, apparently, with the righteousness of his intentions. Father Cassidy, a model of his class, appears now and again, gives utterance to high-flown sentiments, and generally succeeds in throwing oil on the troubled waters. Phelim and Nancy Neil, a happy, well-meaning couple, between whom some amusing scenes occur, prove themselves ever ready to afford shelter to Raymond, and aid him in his escapes, and Phelim eventually fires the well-directed shot which settles Sir Arthur, leaves Norah free to marry Raymond, and so brings the play to a happy termination. The later scenes are principally devoted to the hide-and-seek life of Raymond; his dangers are many, but his escapes seemed to be compassed with unwonted ease; as an instance of which may be mentioned the situation where he is discovered by Captain Arnold, who, accompanied by two soldiers, Sir Arthur O'Hagan and David Blarney, comes to arrest him. Raymond, however, somewhat coolly takes a gun, defies the whole party; they, terror-stricken, run from him, and thus he effects his escape. It requires a considerable stretch of the imagination to believe that an officer and his party would so soon be frightened by one man, even though he was armed; and such-like improbabilities cannot but detract from the realism and interest of the piece. The marriage scene is rendered exciting by the timely appearance of Raymond, who, in answer to the priest's question as to whether anyone can show cause why the ceremony should not be performed, asserts that Sir Arthur is already married, though when or to whom we are not informed. The situation, however, brings down the house, and elicits a "call."

"Les Locataires de M. Blondeau"

is the title of a vaudeville, in five acts, by M. Chivot, first acted at the Palais Royal, Paris, recently. The story is thus told: Blondeau (the hero) has retired with a fortune from his business—the manufacture of button-shanks, I believe. He is the father of a pretty daughter, and has for second wife a lady of good family. The worthy man desires of all things to possess a house of his own, of which he shall be absolute master, and where he can live as he likes. His first experience of a landlord's troubles is, however, a bitter one, for he meets with nothing but trouble. The premises contain five stories, the first of which, being vacant, he goes to occupy himself. You must bear in mind that the house, like all others in Paris, is divided into flats. On the ground-floor is a hairdresser, who had been an old comrade of his when Blondeau began life in a very small way, and who can recount only too many of his early pranks. The second story is occupied by a cocotte, styling herself the Baroness de Sainte-Amarante, who insults a respectable hulsier living on the third, so that the latter insists on the lady being turned out of the house. The lady flies into a terrible rage at receiving notice to quit, and to annoy her landlord kicks up such a row over his head that the poor man goes to her apartment to expostulate. There he finds himself face to face with a singer whom he has many years previously hissed at a provincial theatre in such a style that that artist had promised to slap his face should they ever meet. Whereupon Blondeau runs away to his tenant on the fourth floor, who is none other than the tenor just named, who has adopted the Italian patronymic of Rifardini, so that the landlord had no idea he was giving shelter under his roof to his most determined enemy. To escape detection Blondeau hides and disguises himself, and while thus concealed sees his wife bring some letters to the tenor and receive others in exchange. He fancies he is betrayed, and falls half fainting beside a table on which is a cup of some kind of miraculous chocolate, by means of which the jealous Rifardini in the habit of recuperating his vital energy. Blondeau swallows a draught, and immediately finds his blood all aglow; so amiable does he become that he kisses every woman he meets, and finally mounts to the fifth story to a milliner's warerooms, where he invites all the girls to an appetizing repast, at which the champagne flows freely. The lively company are dancing and singing with Blondeau when his wife arrives, and first a quarrel and then an explantion occur between the pair. Madame Blondeau has been unjustly suspected; she had merely come to receive at Rifardini's the letters of an imprudent friend. Several other characters complicate the action; a Portuguese colonel, who is the "protector" of the Baronne, and the husband of an old mistress of the tenor, by whom she had a son, now in clerk to the huissier on the third story, a young man addicted to poetry, and in love with Blondeau's daughter. The girl is at last given him to wife, and the two fathers become reconciled in arranging the marriage.

DRAMATIC.

OUR LONDON ADVICES are up to June 21, and inform us that little of interest had transpired during the week ending on that date. The Haymarket had presented "The Life of an Actress" and the musical eccentricity of "The Marionettes." The last night of the season is announced for Tuesday next. At the Adelphi "Amy Robsart" was revived with a strong cast and great splendor on the 16th inst. The revivals at the Lyceum Henry Irving had added "Louis the Eleventh." At the Princess' "Drink" continued to draw good houses. On the 23d "East Lynne" was to take the place of "The Mother" at the Olympic. At the Imperial There the hundredth night of the revival of "She Stoops to Conquer" had been reached. The Majiltons closed their engagement at the Surrey. The drama of "Love Wins" had been the chief attraction at the Standard, with Charles Collette and Miss Blanche Wilton. The Britannia, Grecian, and Garrick Theatres had continued their programmes. "The Two Orphans" had been played at the Victoria. "The Sole Survivor" was repeated at the Marylebone. The morning performances on the 21st comprise "Faust," with Madame Christine Nilsson, at Her Majesty's Theatre; "L'Etrangere," at the Gaiety Theatre; "The Lady of Lyons," at the Lyceum; "A Republican Marriage," for George Coleman's benefit, at the Olympic; "Madame Favart," at the Strand; "Les Cloches de Corneville," at the Globe; "H. M. S. Pinafore," at the Opera Comique; and the usual afternoon performance by the Vokes Family at the Imperial Theatre.

THE FUNERAL of Charles Calvert, the well-known Manchester Shakespearian actor, whose death occurred somewhat unexpectedly in London, took place on Wednesday, June 18, at Brooklands Cemetery, near Manchester, at the special request of the deceased, who selected Brooklands as the place for his interment. The body was removed from London during the night, and was met at 1 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, at the London-road Station, by the funeral carriages and the mourners. These included two of his sons—Mr. William and Mr. Leonard Calvert—the Rev. Paxton Hood, the lessees and managers of the Manchester theatres, the dramatic critics of the Manchester press, many of the theatrical profession at present in Manchester, and a number of gentlemen who had been private friends of the deceased. The streets were lined with people along nearly the whole of the route, and it is estimated that between Manchester and Brooklands there were not less than 50,000 persons. At the Prince's Theatre and the Theatre Royal, where flags were flying half-mast high, a stoppage of a few minutes was made. The Rev. Paxton Hood performed the ceremony in the cemetery, and delivered a short address, in which he spoke of Mr. Calvert as a great public benefactor in his power to interpret great ideas, and to impersonate noble emotions. The coffin was covered with floral offerings. A movement was on foot in Manchester to organize a benefit performance for the assistance of Mrs. Calvert and her family.

"LA FEMME QUI S'EN VA," a one-act piece by Charles Yriarte, has been added to the programme at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris. The subject is a familiar one—that of a young rake who is too much engrossed in the easy enjoyments of bachelor life to think of marrying. In fact, he holds that women fit to enter the matrimonial state have disappeared with the dodo, and continues rooted to his scepticism until fortunate enough to meet with a charming young girl, whose soft voice, sweet smile, and amiable disposition make short work of his misogynic theories.

PRINCE LEOPOLD on June 18 became the purchaser of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt's largest oil-painting, which represents a Spanish beauty selling pasty branches, and has been on exhibition in the Bernhardt collection during the past week in Piccadilly.

WILLIAM LOVEGROVE, for many years manager for M. Wardhaugh of Longton, and lately manager for Fred Abrahams, London, died June 15, aged sixty-three.

FERDINAND PREVOST, an old dancer of the Paris Opera, has just died, in his eightieth year.

T. MEARNS, late of the Theatre Royal and Gaiety Theatre, Glasgow, Scotland, died June 18, of heart-disease.

"THE MARIONETTES," a musical whimsicality by Messrs. Reece and McArdle, which was first acted at Liverpool three years ago, was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London, June 16.

JARRETT & PALMER were reported to be in negotiation with the proprietors of the Chatelet, Paris, to give a series of performances of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Australian News.

In the absence of our customary advices from our regular correspondent in Melbourne, we present our readers with the following brief items of news up to May 16: At the Theatre Royal the Lingards had played in "Our Boys," "Sweethearts" and "Engaged." In the latter W. H. Lingard played Belvawney and Mrs. Lingard Belinda. They are to do "Pinafore."....At the Prince of Wales' Opera-house Lyster's company have been alternating Italian and English operas. Antoinette Link, Agnes Palma, and Signors Paladini and Verdi are the principal artists of the Italian company. Rose Hersee and Armes Beaumont led the English company. ....At the Academy of Music "Chancarity," with George Rignold in the leading character, had given place to Augustin Daly's drama of "Horizon."....At the Princess' Theatre "Ten Night's in a Bar-room," the authorship of which was mischievously credited to Henry Ward Beecher, enjoyed a long run. The present attraction is McLean's Juvenile Dramatic Troubadours, acting "Struck Oil."....Hiscocks, Hayman & Co.'s Minstrels are playing in St. George's Hall. It is probable that the original season of six weeks will be extended.....The Woolroffs Glassblowers continue in Apollo Hall....Augusta Dargon is to return to Melbourne for the purpose of giving some readings in the Town Hall. The first one is to take place May 19.....In Sydney, N. S. W., Miss Dargon had concluded a successful engagement. Geo. D. Chaplin and Miss Rose Osborne were to have opened May 17 in "Miss Multon."....At the Theatre Royal Joey Gougenheim was to have played Peg Woffington in "Masks and Faces" May 16....Mrs. G. B. W. Lewis was playing her first engagement in Sydney.....Kelly & Leon's Minstrels had produced "Pinafore."....In Adelaide Miss Ada Ward, who had been playing Jo in "The Bleak House," was succeeded by Wybert Reeve.....The Baldwins, spiritual exposers, were in While's Rooms, and reported as doing well.....In Hobart Town two companies were playing "Uncle Tom's Cabin."....Auckland, N. Z., had been without amusements for some weeks.....In New Zealand Wybert Reeve was to have opened in Wellington June 21, and Augusta Dargon in Dunedin July 5....."Pinafore" was billed for production by Towle's Opera Company in Christchurch.....The Georgia Minstrels (colored) had closed a season in Gaiety Hall, Christchurch. .....Morris & Allen's Museum of Art and Science was in Wellington.

MUSICAL.

M. MAUREL and Mlle. Heilbron have been engaged for the Paris Opera. The lady will, it is said, create the role of Xaima in Gounod's new work, "Le Tribut de Zamora."

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

DAVE CARSON the minstrel performer, best known to the Orientals, has arrived in London in search of talent for his next tour of India and the countries thereabout.

VARIETY HALLS.

THE HANLON-LEE TROUPE have been succeeded by the Phoites at the Folies Bergere, Paris, where their English pantomime of "Tricks and Traps" has been well received by the patrons. The Raynor Brothers are among the leading attractions at this house.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN HOLDEN of marionette repute died at Bordeaux, France, June 15, aged 63.

HENRY S. WARDROPER, the well-known entertainer, has gone into bankruptcy in England.

BLONDIN gave a performance before about twenty-five thousand people at Brussels, France, June 15, the proceeds being given to the poor and the schools of the town.

AMUSEMENTS.

1879. SEASON. 1880.
MENDELSSOHN HALL, OWENSBORO, KY.
HANDSOMEST, BEST ARRANGED AND MOST POPULAR HALL IN THE CITY.

This theatre has been handsomely repaired and repainted, and is now a gem of beauty, being arranged expressly for theatrical, operatic and concert performances, with dress-circle, parquet and gallery. Stage large. Capacity, 700. Population of city, 12,000. Rent per night, including heating, lighting with gas, licenses, janitor, ticket-seller and ushers, $30, or will play GOOD COMPANIES on a percentage. Good entertainments LIBERALLY patronized. Address JAS. W. DONALDSON, Lessee and Manager, Mendelssohn Hall, Owensboro, Ky. 16-1t*

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WANTED—A MANAGER, WITH CAPITAL, to take charge of a Colored Dramatic Company in a new and original musical drama. Address
16-2t* "C. S. L.," care CLIPPER.

A BOHEE FLAT CLARIONET PLAYER wanted for brass, to double on Piccolo or Violin in Orchestra.
Answer immediately, with full particulars, Danielsonville, Ct., July 10, Webster, 11, Attleborough, Mass., 13, Worcester 14. GEORGE SUTTON,
16-1t* care of Batcheller & Doris' Circus.

HARRY WILLIAMS,
ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
PITTSBURG, PA.
H. W. WILLIAMS.....Sole Proprietor and Manager
FALL SEASON COMMENCES
MONDAY, SEPT. 8.

First-class Novelty Artists, Sensational Stars and Combinations desiring dates, address as above till July 7; after that address H. W. WILLIAMS, Barton House, 15-3t* New Bethlehem, Clarion Co., Pa.

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ROUTLEDGE'S LATEST.
"I WOULDN'T BELIEVE HIM, WOULD YOU?" 40c.
Now being sung by Emc Roseau, Aimee, Alice Harrison, Alice Oates, Lotta, and others.
"EVERY DAY GWINE TO BE SUNDAY," 35c.
The boss end-song of the past five years, now being sung by Geo. Thatcher, Tom Sadler, Billy Barry, Geo. Wilson, Geo. H. Edwards, Billy Birch, and others.
For sale by all music dealers, or sent to any address on receipt of price by
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A FIRST LOW COMEDIAN
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AT OPERA-HOUSE, RICHMOND, KY., a good "Pinafore," Dramatic or Minstrel Troupe, to play Fair week, commencing Aug. 12. Liberal terms. Address A. C. GREEN, Manager. 14-6t*

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SUCCESS CROWNS OUR EFFORTS.

A RARE TREAT INDEED.—In announcing the Oakes Brothers' Concert Troupe last week, we stated that it was highly spoken of by the newspapers throughout the country, not dreaming at the time that this newspaper testimony could be relied on; but we confess for once we were agreeably mistaken. The performance at the City Hall Monday night was the best ever given at Ackley. Now, this is saying a great deal, as some of the most renowned troupes traveling have performed here, yet there was more real satisfaction given by the Oakes Brothers than all the rest combined. Johnny Prindle is indeed the lion of humorous character, delineators; his power of adaptability is wonderful, both as an Irish, German and Ethiopian specialist. The music all through was grand, and rendered by master hands. The performance of John H. Oakes upon his musical glasses was a novelty. It was as sweet as it was new, and new as it was sweet. Three rows of glass goblets, filled and partially filled with water, was his instrument, and from it he evoked a surprising harmony of sounds. This act alone was worth the price of admission. They intend to visit this place next year, and we are sure that they will be greeted by a large audience. The hall Monday night was comfortably filled with our best citizens, and all were well pleased with the entertainment. ACKLEY, IOWA, JUNE 22.
MEMBERS OF OUR COMPANY:
S. Burt Oakes, double-bass and tuba; John H. Oakes, flute-soloist, musical-glasses and alto horn in brass; Miss Alice Keith, contralto-vocalist and sketch artist (third year with this company, and re-engaged for the coming season); Johnny Prindle, Ethiopian comedian, facial artist and general performer (permanent address Glover, Orleans County, Vermont); J. M. Rodi, solo-violinist, leader of brass band and orchestra (has fulfilled a successful engagement of sixteen months, and has been re-engaged for the coming season); C. Riggs, cornet-soloist (has just concluded a successful season of six months with the Gates Bros. The original cornet-solos produced by Mr. Riggs in street and concert have proved a decided success, and he has been re-engaged for the coming season); E. S. Thomas, tenor; vocalist, violinist and trombone-soloist (sixteen months with this company, and re-engaged for the coming season).
Joe H. Barnes, the gentlemanly agent of this company, is the right man in the right place. Makes hosts or friends wherever he goes. All correspondence to managers or members of this company directed to Decatur, Illinois, P. O. Box 997, will receive prompt attention. 16-1t*

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A GOOD LADY PIANIST
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One that executes and reads splendidly. Must be a variety vocalist. Good height, with a fine wardrobe. Inclose Card Photo. Part Summer and Fall season. Commences Aug. 1. Address, in haste, MANAGER J. M. GOODALL, Kirby House, Watertown, N. Y.
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GEO. H. ADAMS
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HUMPTY DUMPTY TROUPE
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after a season of forty-four consecutive weeks of unexampled prosperity, having achieved the most remarkable financial and artistic success in the annals of pantomime amusements.
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who inaugurated the present brilliant season in Chicago August 2, 1878, having made a tour which has embraced the entire United States, and has met with unequivocal success in every section of the Union—pantomime par excellence interpreted by artists of national reputation—will reorganize their next season
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Will Play Novelty Combinations during Summer Season.

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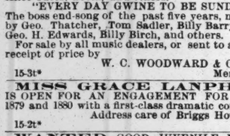

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12 RECEIVED WITH SHOWERS OF APPLAUSE. 12
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MASONIC THEATRE, NASHVILLE, TENN.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—THE NEW MEMPHIS THEATRE having recently been sold, the new proprietors purpose making extensive improvements during the Summer—changing the auditorium; seating the house with the latest pattern folding chairs; full set of new scenery and new drop-curtain by a celebrated artist; new stage; dressing-rooms, etc. Introduction of all the modern improvements in heating and lighting, so that the New Memphis will compare favorably with any theatre in the Southern or Western country.
MASONIC THEATRE, NASHVILLE, TENN.—This theatre will also undergo extensive alterations during the Summer. New scenery, seating capacity enlarged, and such other improvements made as will make it the favorite and fashionable place of amusement in that city. For time and terms of ANY or ALL of the above places, address
12-3t-eow T. W. DAVEY, Detroit Opera-house, Detroit, Mich., or JOSEPH BROOKS, Sturtevant House, New York City.

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FRANKENSTEIN MYSTERY,
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CHAS. ANDRESS.
Has just purchased PROF. G. GALETTE'S TROUPE OF
TRAINED BIRDS,
25 in number, at an expense of $2,500, which are, without contradiction, the finest in the world. This, in conjunction with my TWELVE NIGHTS' ENTIRE CHANGE OF REFINED ILLUSIONS, makes a strong draft.
Route: Salt Lake July 4, 5, 7, and 8; thence East.
Managers, address PROF CHAS. ANDRESS, care of CLIPPER office.
N. B.—Opening for an experienced manager, to act as ASSISTANT AGENT AND MANAGER. 16-1t*

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